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## THE EXPOSITION OF 1900.\*

It is over, and the time has come for a judicial estimate of the young lady in blue, who for the last six months has been making coquettish eyes at the venerable obelisk.

Directors, commissioners, assistants, engineers and architects, heads of sections and presidents of committees, business-managers and purveyors of "attractions" are all in mourning: consumed by regret for the good wet-nurse whom they have lost. But of what do you fancy they were thinking most, three days after the last gun was fired? They were thinking of the *next Exposition*, and I will wager anything you like that it has already taken shape, in the brains of those hardened professionals.

Other people—those who had no direct interest in the affair—will forget it with cruel alacrity. There will be a crushing sense of lassitude and reaction for a few days; and then our fickle Athenians will have nothing more to say to the man who attempts to turn conversation to the object of their whilom passion. Let us hasten to pay the last tribute of respect to our defunct Exposition.

So long as the world was making a deafening noise about it, we kept our

thoughts to ourselves. It was not because we were indifferent. The Exposition of 1889 was studied in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" with the most minute and sympathetic attention. We were thought by some to have sinned on the side of excessive admiration, and we should have been only too glad to fall into the same sin oncemore. If we have resisted the temptation to do so, it is because the state of the public mind has been such as to discourage unbiassed judgments. From the very first day opinions were divided into two camps. On one side were the detractors who could not be contemptuous enough of an enterprise which was doomed in advance,—or so they said,—and as odious in every respect as the government by which it was exploited. On the other side were the incense-burners who would not endure the slightest criticism. To them the Exposition formed an august and inviolate whole. To criticise the outline of a cornice, or the arrangement of a window, was to commit a crime of lèse-patriotism, and whoever failed to fall into a trance of rapture was a traitor to France.

These absurd anathemas are but one form—and we propose to mention several others—of the curious aberration

\* Translated for The Living Age.

which compromises all our Expositions, and stultifies these huge periodic fairs, by requiring of them a too extensive display, and a too deep significance. They have really nothing in common with those great military and diplomatic moves which involve in the game the honor and the destinies of nations. A number of interests combine together and start a colossal undertaking. All the better, if they succeed! but the fate of the country is not bound up in the adventure, and we retain, as individuals, full right of private judgment.

Even sillier is the pretension of those who would flaunt the flag of a political party over the works of national industry. To facilitate the co-ordination of effort, and make good police regulations comprises the whole of the public power properly appertaining to these industrial enterprises. Moreover, we are precluded from definitely designating the official sponsors of an Exposition. During the slow period of its incubation, three or four groups may record their passage upon the ministerial *kinematograph*, and the chances of a general election may bring in a fifth, on the very eve of the opening day. To ascribe to these fortuitous god-parents a work of time in which we have all taken part is to imitate the fetichism which is jokingly attributed to our agricultural classes, who are said always to charge their good or bad harvests to the account of the existing government. That government does its part, by running up its colors over the building which it enters but did not construct, and foes and friends alike promote the scheme:—the former, often with astonishing fatuity, since criticism no less than laudation serves the purposes of groundless pretence.

It would not have been possible to speak of the Exposition fairly and freely, until the flood of passions and

equivocations to which it gave rise had somewhat subsided. First of all one must treat with due respect the hopes which it excited. A whole world of small craftsmen put into it their hearts, their toil, their dreams of fortune. How can one help being carried away by the charming good grace of the Parisian workman when he claims his share in a vast general enterprise of which he is proud? Who would have had the courage, when first it began to be whispered about that success was uncertain, to breathe upon the bright illusions of these good people? The pleasures of honest inquiry are no compensation for the pain we must inflict on those whom we disenchant. In presence of an enterprise in which so many humble interests are involved the bare appearance of supercilious disparagement is odious and inhuman.

One had, therefore, to see the experiment through, before pronouncing an unbiassed judgment. But it is ended now; and we may be permitted to inquire,—as we propose briefly to do,—how it has answered our expectations, what it has given us that is new, and how much it has taught us.

The circumstances were not especially favorable. It opened, in fact, at so inopportune a moment that one was irresistibly reminded of the unlucky guest whose name is announced when there is a sick child in the house or the chimney is on fire, or the master and mistress are otherwise unpleasantly preoccupied. The stars were far more benign in the spring of 1889 to the elder sister of the late Exposition. That one came after the crisis of Boulangism, as a fairy spectacle succeeds the melodrama which has stirred up all the emotion of the spectator. The crisis in question had never depressed the public mind. There was ever a diverting element about it, which prevented men from taking it too tragi-

cally. In the chromo-lithograph and the imagination to which it appeals, the Eiffel-tower quite naturally took the place of the brave general. The world was at peace. There was no cloud on the horizon. The leisured classes all over Europe had nothing to do but amuse themselves.

But in the year 1900, after the most cruel moral laceration that our country had suffered for a century, inflamed wounds were still throbbing in many hearts. The Exposition may have served the purpose of a useful sedative, but it was not helped, at the beginning, by having that arduous task to perform. Many of our invited guests were, moreover, kept away by grave troubles of their own. England was involved in the South-African war, and the rampant fancy of her caricaturists had been employed in irritating susceptibilities which are ever hostile to ourselves. In that insular society—where fashion invariably begins at the top—the orders issued by the governing classes and implicitly obeyed to the very end, undoubtedly deprived us of a large contingent of visitors. A distressing catastrophe called home a good many of our Italian guests. And the official world of the Peninsula was kept away by the proprieties of national mourning. But it was the Chinese imbroglio which had the most disastrous effect upon the Exposition. Hardly had the show been opened, when the attention of the whole civilized world was abruptly claimed by the Far East; and the convulsion in China, and the threatening complications which it foreshadowed, had an interest of a very different order from that of the attractions in the Champ de Mars. We were not a little embarrassed ourselves, by the obligation to keep up feastings and rejoicings during those weeks of anguish. The press of the great capitals neglected us, and the news from Peking thrust far into the

background the description of Parisian novelties. Sovereigns and their advisers found in this critical conjuncture an excellent reason, or an excellent pretext, for not going abroad.

The dentists' magnificent hostelry received only the inevitable Shah, two negro Princes, and the ingrate Yukantor.

Worse than all,—the *débütante* had not made a successful entrance. Here and here only, we are obliged to admit the effect of political influence. That notorious blunderer can do but little for the success of an Exposition, but can easily disconcert it by a false move. Political exigencies, it appeared, required the inauguration of vast masses of rubble, about six weeks before the first show-cases received their contents. We were assured, against the evidence of our senses, that everything was ready in the vacuum of those waste galleries. The earliest provincial and foreign visitors were outrageously deceived, and they did not fail to noise abroad the fraud that had been practised on them. The natural consequence was that both foreigners and provincials continued to mistrust us for a considerable time after their mistrust was no longer justified.

Up to the first days of August there seemed reason to fear a great financial disaster. The daily receipts did not come up to a third of the previous estimates.

All through Paris and its environs a chorus of lamentation went up from the manufacturers who had laid themselves out to lodge, feed, transport, amuse—and pluck—the universe. The managers were in despair, and did not attempt to conceal their anguish. Fortunately the vacation season did at last bring those crowds for which Sister Anne had been watching vainly from the top of the tower. The flow of visitors increased suddenly and did not again subside. We had our days

of triumph, our Sunday crushes, the intoxication of sixty thousand entrance fees. The final estimates will soon inform us concerning the definitive result, and we shall know how much we have "cleared." There will, at all events be no alarming deficit:—so much is already certain. Our honor—since we must needs use a word which is really quite inapplicable in this case,—our honor is safe.

Now, setting aside those external accidents for which the Exposition was in no way responsible, to what are we to attribute the disappointments of the earlier months? First of all, I fancy, to the absence of that "clincher" which was never discovered. Ingenious and amusing inventions, which might, one would think, have sufficed to catch and keep the attention of all, were to be seen in twenty different places. It was too much,—and it was not enough. Experience proves that the modern crowd is never effectually and irresistibly captivated save by the unique "clincher." Let them but recognize and adopt that and all the rest is excrescence. The Exposition of 1889 had its tremendous "clincher" in the Tower. A horror to the true aesthete, anathematized by people of taste generally, and ridiculed by all, the Tower let the critics rave, for it was sure of itself. It was literally the magnetic mountain of the "Thousand and One Nights" which diverted ships from their courses. It thrilled the imagination of the Antipodes. Pilgrims flocked to it, by the thousand, as to the Kaaba of Mecca. Reflect, for a moment, upon the general hypnotization produced by that hideous wonder: how it was copied everywhere, in the flat and the round; reappearing in the very commonest utensils, from Japan to Chili, and even in the convents of Mount Athos. It furnished food for conversation in every cottage where its image was displayed and where the poor

folk bewailed themselves because they had failed to scrape together coin enough to enable them to go and see the Tower! Poor Tower! Even now, when so many more of the monsters in the menagerie of the Champ de Mars are crowned with fire by night, it still adds to the blinding chaos an element of airy grace, with its long robe of light, and the starry chaplets which seem to connect it with the constellations. But eleven years have pretty well exhausted its magic. Everybody has seen it now; but if equally ugly things have been made in other styles, there has never been anything to compare with the Tower for drawing crowds of the utterly befuddled.

A general bankruptcy of pleasure must be held largely responsible for the mishaps of the manager and the public. Out of every hundred persons who attend a "Festival of Labor," for twenty who go to learn, eighty go to be amused. It may not be a noble fact, but so it is. The composers of public harangues pretend to ignore it; but they are really too well acquainted with human nature not to understand that any truly successful and profitable Exposition may be synthesised thus:—an ingenious machine at which people hardly look, surrounded by *corps de ballet* at which they look a great deal. The very delicate and serious question of pleasure is thus fairly put. Shall we let the professionals have full scope? Those expert and energetic persons guaranteed a complete success if only they were allowed to play all their cards, including the tickets that are sold on the sly. They gave us to understand that the delights crowded into their Rue de Paris, and its tributaries, would beggar the united imaginations of Petronius and Heliogabalus. They said with apparent reason, that the more widely this was known the more would people flock to their doors. But



as a matter of fact, their promises alarmed the timid respectability of the managers. What they wanted was a Rue de Paris, which should be both decent and profitable. It was an ingenious dream. Their laudable purpose was to elevate the masses; but the result obtained was that of lowering the receipts. The virtue of Cato bridled the commercial experiments of Bordenane, but it was not properly rewarded.

It would be cruel to insist on the lugubrious fiasco of the Rue de Paris. People went there in search of Sodom and Gomorrah, and found only the Dead Sea.

The posters all promised gaily and laughter and rollicking songs; but sacred Pity contracted the heart, instead, at the sight of those paralyzed troupes of travelling mountebanks:—Pierrots whose tragic despair peeped out from under the whitened mask; light music-hall enchantresses, whose voices broke in a sob of distress; faces drawn with misery where the perfunctory grimace ended in a yawn of ennui. A good many of the contractors had only themselves to thank for their misfortunes. They had over-estimated the stupidity of the masses, and the masses kicked against the quality of the entertainment offered them. It was a truly Parisian species of infatuation, and was by no means the fault of the mountebanks. "Anything is good enough for foreigners, if only we give them a Parisian actor"—such was the inveterate idea which produced the whole result. Our theaters offered to their cosmopolitan patrons only the rags and tags of their repertory. The Greeks behaved in the same manner toward the Barbarians. But we risk our reputation for dramatic art when we play this kind of game; and imperil even the prestige of the spirit of Mont-Martre.

When people began to say, in their disgust, that the Exposition was doleful and dozy, the brilliant idea occurred to the management, that great popular fêtes were what was needed to enliven it. Meetings were called, and grave and reverend seniors offered projects for amusements. Did the ungrateful crowd ever fully comprehend that these gatherings were funnier than any of the entertainments in which they resulted? In 1870, the siege of Paris produced a certain type of siege-maniac—the inventor of engines of destruction. The portfolios of Gen. Trochu were gorged with plans for exterminating the besieging army by Greek fire and rockets. Our Expositions produce a kindred type—the cock-sure inventor of enjoyment for his contemporaries—the *fetivator*, it may be permitted to name him. He knew all about antiquity, the arrangement of processions and the effect of trumpets. Let us hope that all the proposals handed in to the committee on fêtes, will some day be published. Only,—alas! Flaubert is no longer here to enrich "Bouvard et Pécuchet" by inserting them in an appendix.

The multiplicity of side-shows, and the relatively high price of admission to them, also helped to chill the enthusiasm of the public. To see the Exposition thoroughly cost too much. In this respect it was the least democratic show that we have ever had. Having been forewarned that they would be fleeced, the visitors drew their purse-strings tight, and hence the mortification and the grumblings of which we have heard so much. Here the responsibility was about equally divided between the management, which asked an exorbitant price for stands, and the lessees, who expected to make their fortune in six months. A universal infatuation, explicable

only by the greatness of the hopes entertained, belled upon this point also, the true character of an Exposition. Nobody pretends that they ought to give us information for nothing. The exhibitor expects, of course, to make money indirectly. His sample-card is a puff; but previous Expositions have restrained the spirit of greed within these limits. This time people wanted quick and direct profits; and wanted them with the fierceness peculiar to our era.

These causes are quite enough to explain our incomplete—or rather, we will say our tardy—success. And yet there is perhaps a simpler explanation still. There may have been a lack in our own megalomaniac imagination. Did we not presume too much upon increased facilities for travel? May not the truth be, that there is for every World's Fair, a maximum number of possible visitors, a number which has hitherto increased, from decade to decade, but which is, after all, limited? Upon this hypothesis, the sole fault of the managers would have been that they based their calculations upon chimerical estimates. They did not allow for the necessary and impassable limit, but launched into an outlay disproportioned to the numbers who might reasonably have been expected.

Before enumerating those features of the Exposition which were really most remarkable, let us note a few of the weak points, where it was distinctly inferior to its predecessor. The general plan was less rational than that of 1889, and has been the subject of universal criticism. The confused classification of objects rendered regular study both difficult and fatiguing. Things of the same nature and origin were arbitrarily assigned, now to the Invalides, and now to the Champ de Mars. One had to follow them up in the spirit of a hunter; and it was delightful sometimes to dis-

cover treasures in holes where one would never have dreamed of looking for them. But patience was needed for these things, and good luck, and good legs also. The difficulty of the problem was of course increased an hundred fold by the vast extent of the area occupied. We embraced too much and grasped too little.

We had nothing to compare with the Palais de la Force. In the gallery assigned to machines, which was divided into two parts by the lecture and music-hall, and furthermore invaded and encumbered by alimentary products, cottages, different brands of champagne and the chocolate-ships, we sighed for the lost beauty of the metallic nave, and the imposing assemblage of mechanical motors in action. Even for those who do not understand the details of machinery the spectacle of eleven years ago was one never to be forgotten—a mighty theme for meditation and for dreams, a synthetic presentation of that scientific force which governs our century and has made it progressive. This year, especially, when the avowed object was to give a retrospective view of the century that was ending, a vivid image ought to have been presented of the power that governs the globe, arrested upon a given spot, in all the supple energy of her iron limbs. The power of machinery has been augmented during the last eleven years, and yet the dispersion of machines left an idea of diminution upon the minds of visitors to its ill-served temple.

A great and general disillusion was experienced in the French colonial section. A great effort after colonial expansion characterizes and ennobles the external history of France under the third Republic. The heroism of the race is expending itself upon new realms, upon whose development we are founding our best hopes for the future. They should have been as-

signed a large place in our Jubilee Exposition and the people should have been abundantly informed concerning our recent and little-known acquisitions. But good Heavens! is this it—our immense colonial domain? This inextricable chaos? Asia, Africa, America and Oceana: all tangled in a kind of pell-mell of pagodas and tinsel, and huddled into a narrow space on the slope leading to the Trocadero! One needed to be in the secret, and an excellent geographer as well, to find his way at all about that extraordinary labyrinth. The ignoramus was as completely lost as if he had been set down among the bits of a dissected map conscientiously stirred up for the good practice it will be to the child to put them together. And such a very scanty population about the huts! only a figurine or two here and there! In 1889 there was a goodly number of negroes and Annamites to be met upon the esplanade of the Invalides. Think of the self-complacent curiosity of the Parisian of that day at sight of his "subjects!" Think of that little yellow battalion, which went through with its manoeuvres so nicely, and the Pahouins who managed their *pirogues* upon the river! The Madagascar exhibit, which was installed outside the enclosure, and so had a little more room, was the only one which gave a clear idea and some satisfying information concerning the region we were invited to study. The contracted space and the complete lack of order in the original plan, paralyzed the skillful hands to which was entrusted—too late, alas!—the defense of our colonies. The true solution,—that of a distinct, well arranged, and fully peopled Colonial Exhibition, comfortably installed in the park of St.-Cloud, on the model of that most instructive representation of the Belgian Congo, to which King Leopold called our admiring attention, not long since in the park of Tervueren

—that solution was proposed and rejected. We could not colonize Saint-Cloud. It appeared that the wine-merchants objected! Perish the colonies, rather than that we should lose votes!

We may pass over the question of artistic effect, which has already been discussed in these pages with a fullness and fairness which leave nothing to be desired.

The architects of the two Palaces of Art may have made blunders in detail but they may justly congratulate themselves, on having produced a general effect at once pleasing and grandiose. What with these two edifices and the Pont Alexandre and the triumphal perspective which will henceforth unite the dome of the Invalides with the Champs Elysées the Exposition may be held permanently to have embellished our beloved Paris. On the other hand we have lost, forever, the graceful adornment of our river-banks. Here nevertheless, our Commissioners of Magic found their happiest idea, and realized it to their heart's desire. What an agreeable stroll across the world was afforded by that jaunty Rue des Nations and how well it symbolized the hospitality of France! The majority of the foreign houses were excellent in their local color, and a truly enlightened taste had presided over their furnishing and ornamentation. Some of them really embodied the soul of a race, and brought back to the returned traveller the characteristic physiognomy of a country. Spain was there in all her destitution and all her nobility, in the bare halls where she haughtily displayed her sole riches,—the tunic of Bobadil, the tapestries of Flanders, the armor of Charles V. It is thus that we imagine the house of Don Quixote. One saw the dear man, one understood him better than ever and longed to re-read the book in the gaunt inn, to which he deigned to bring only his discolored armor and his splendid rags.

In like manner we were moved to read "The Lady from the Sea" in the Norwegian house which looked like a ship, was furnished for fishermen and reeked with tarry and saline odors. All here was fresh and wholesome as the wind which blows off the snow-mountains across the fjords; all bore the mark of simple, virtuous and robust population. Do you remember the exhibit of a ladies' boot-maker in Christiana? It is in boots like these that the heroines of Ibsen are carried off bodily. The candid rusticity of their *chaussure* tells us more than pages of commentary could do concerning the *dramatis personæ* of the Scandinavian author. The tranquil English home reflected the vigorous personality which that race never surrenders: and the aristocratic elegance of its women was also there, in the figures of the contemporaries of Pitt, as depicted by the great portrait-painters. In the palace where Germany handsomely restored to us a few of the gems of our own art, the masterful will which has sworn to be first, everywhere and in all things, commanded us to admire its newly acquired wealth, and the somewhat heavy pomp and ceremony of its imperial existence. The chivalrous magnificence of the Hungarian blazed in his gothic castle; and the wooden caravansary of the Bosnian showed to perfection the picturesque customs and half-tamed savagery of an offshoot of the Turkish race. The American was painted to the life, at every turn in his hotel. It was all business-offices, typewriters, advertisements, newspapers and people in a hurry, either glancing over the papers or dashing off their correspondence. Business everywhere! These Americans introduced us to a machine far more formidable than their revolving cannon—the machine which produces and automatically disgorges a newspaper by a single operation. A man, or—in default of a man

—a boy, plays upon a key-board for a few minutes, and lo! the type has been selected and set up, and the characters printed upon a revolving cylinder. It is as rapid and complete as the transformation of a pig into pork, in the great factories of Chicago.

Mechanism of stupefying ingenuity, science curiously applied, freaks and marvels of nature, relics of the very beginnings of history, and the first stammering expression of discoveries which will one day revolutionize human life—such are the constant surprises which one encounters and which render the walk through any great exhibition so exciting. The quickening of thought which they occasion ought to be quite as fruitful as a learned lecture or the reading of a serious book. We need not inquire whether or no the galleries of 1900 were richer in such happy chances than the galleries of 1889. They were quite rich enough to capture and hold for a long time the interest of all intelligent folk. Among the "attractions" which bore no official stamp, and did not even pretend to be instructive, there were many full of refined suggestion for the poet and the dreamer. Side by side with absurdities which touched the confines of stupidity there were truly fascinating "attractions;"—the Swiss village, for instance, where the long ravines of Alpine pasturage were so adroitly made to stretch away into the plains of Grenelle; and, above all, the *stereorama*! that enchanting toy, where an absolutely scientific perspective produces so perfect an illusion of reality. The lovers of the Mediterranean recovered many a lost sensation of exquisite pleasure, when the coast of Africa unfolded itself to their gaze bathed in warmest light, and with a delicacy of coloring which Fromentin himself would not have disdained.

Apparently, however, the most irresistible attraction of all resided in

those glass cases where waxen princesses displayed to the best advantage, under an aureole of electric lights, the "creations" of our great dressmakers. Fashionable *bourgeoises* and little sewing-girls, old Dame Trots, and maidens from the country, all stood entranced before this feminine Paradise. But did you chance to observe the expression on the faces of the women who gloated over this tempting display of luxury? It was an "object-lesson" indeed; and one of the most impressive offered by an exhibition which was vaunted beforehand for the happy influence it was going to exercise over our democracy! Frankly, we doubt whether anything could have been devised better calculated than these glass-cases to excite anti-social and generally demoralizing feelings.

At first the public showed a decided partiality for the various retrospective exhibits. These little courses of history teaching by bibelots are no new thing. Several of them were but continuations, reproductions, with the same material, of the admirable displays that were gotten up eleven years ago at the Champ de Mars. The review of land and naval armaments, which was particularly admired, included the greater number of the articles and portraits which were catalogued in 1889 at the Palais de la Guerre. A desirable repetition, and one which it was a great pity not to have imitated in the Centennial of Painting. That exhibition, a partial one in both senses of the term, where some good artists were very badly served, would have gained immensely in interest if it could have drawn upon the wealth of its predecessor. By not venturing to do this, it ran the risk of being misjudged by foreigners, especially by those younger guests who did not see in 1889 the magnificent series of the French nineteenth century painters.

The chosen home of the Retrospective generally was the Petit Palais, which won our approbation from the first and will make an era in our recollections. That marvellous exhibit was the unquestioned centre of the Exposition and its greatest triumph. One visited it first of all and returned many times. Things were so skilfully arranged and distributed that the least sophisticated easily found his way amid those ivories, wood-carvings, enamels and specimens of the goldsmith's work; and any one could follow without effort, the evolution of the French ideal in the decorative arts.

You assisted at its birth and heard its first infantile cry; only a clumsy priestly instrument, as yet, in the crypts of Roman basilicas and the tabernacles of the Abbaye de Conque. Informed by a burning faith and always looking heavenward, it mastered its processes during the thirteenth century and carried them to a point of supreme perfection in the ensuing ages. The mystic souls of its Virgins were incarnated in beautifully proportioned bodies. At the first breath of the Italian renaissance it ran to drink at the fountain of the antique, and came down from heaven to earth by way of the pagan Olympus. It revelled in the intoxications of sense and yielded to all the impulses of nature. With all the resources of the new art-industries which it had created, it expressed the ideas and forms with which its laicised imagination was teeming. Serious and noble up to the end of the reign of Louis XIV, the severe discipline of the *grand siècle* restrained it, even when toying with the allegories of mythology, within the bounds of Christian decency. The eighteenth century brought entire emancipation. Our art lost even the memory of its pious origin, slipping down into the gross sensualism of a Clodion—loose, enervated and full of unclean suggestion, but elegant always,



and witty; inferior in imagination, doubtless, but superior to all its European rivals both in the taste of the designer and the conscientious execution of the craftsman.

Was it mere curiosity or the spirit of dilettantism which continually lured one back to the master-pieces of our old decorative artists? Nay, it was because we all experienced, in their society, emotions of pride for which we were soon able to render a reason. That vast treasure seemed to reveal a vein of our national genius which had been but imperfectly explored, powers we had hardly suspected, and, at certain moments of our history, the possibility of successful competition even with divine Italy herself. The pleasure of discovering these patents of nobility was enhanced by a feeling of filial piety for those who had bequeathed them to us. Below the official gods of High Art—whose merits and place are incontestable—an almost endless line of obscure artists was unexpectedly revealed. Our admiration conjured up the nameless images of those who chiselled these golden vases, or carved these Virgins in ivory; it doted on the heroic efforts and scientific divinations of Bernard Palissy; it hailed those creators of beauty, the Pénicauds and the Limosins, and did homage to those hordes of artistic workmen who have carried all over the world, in the last two centuries, the fame of French work. Their handiwork showed us these modest artists, informed by the very best qualities of our race—courage, intelligence, honesty, enthusiasm. There has really been growing up among us, from far distant times, a democracy of industry, endowed with all the virtues which our dreamers desire. It was an honor to the France of former days, and, say what you will, it was honored by her; and its healthful past is a guarantee for its future. How should one not love and believe

in and hope for a nation which has produced, at every period, such armies of excellent workmen? We used to come out of the Petit Palais feeling more sure of France, more reverent of her people, glowing with a sort of impassioned tenderness for those humble ancestors, those unassuming associates of ours, who amassed in their venerable ateliers a portion of our splendid patrimony.

It remains for us to inquire how much the Exposition brought us that was veritably new; and the answer must be—Less than might have been expected. This was not the fault of the Exposition; it only means that the last decade has not been marked by any important revolution in the realms either of art, science or industry. In what branch of art, for instance, has there been any marked advance? Not in architecture, surely, where there has been deterioration, rather than improvement. In 1889 iron presented itself boldly, and challenged our judgment on its merits as an element of architecture. Since then it seems to have experienced something like the shame of Adam after the fall, and a desire to disguise its own nudity. At present iron is content to be a staff; it wraps itself in stiffened bandages, disguises itself in a garment of plaster, it is cement in armor. Our modern genius expends its fancy upon tissues, jewelry, furniture, glass and pottery, being engaged all the while in an anxious search for formulas and laws, which have not, as yet, been discovered. I can only refer the reader to the admirably drawn conclusions of M. de la Sizeranne, who has determined the precise æsthetic value of these experiments; their incontestable achievements of coloring; their incurable weakness of line.

An uninterrupted advance in the physical sciences and their application to mechanics was clearly demonstrated

by the Exposition; while yet it failed to register any one of those decisive transformations which revolutionize the conditions and the implements of a great industry. In 1889 we came out of the *Galerie des Machines* convinced that the next decennial would show us two things:—the substitution of electricity for steam as a means of traction on railways, and the easy and frequent employment of electric force derived from distant natural sources. Neither of these promises has been fulfilled. We cannot say that the developments and the victories of electricity have ceased. The modest *débütante* of 1889 has become an imposing personage with a palace and belongings of its own. The little dynamo has increased tenfold in stature and in power. Formerly it had a radius of one metre, now it has one of ten. It used to be a machine of five-hundred horse-power, now it is one of five-thousand, and the steely stages of its triple alternators tower haughtily above our heads. But its force is still all generated by the coal of other days; the steam-motor continues an indispensable spur to auxiliary energies. If electricity gains upon animal traction day by day for short distances and metropolitan communication, if it has even been applied to a metropolitan railway over which trains are occasionally run, it has not yet made conquest of a great railway line or of an ocean steamer. A few improvements and additions to the achievements of eleven years ago would comprise all that electricity had to say for itself at the last Exhibition. We must multiply our figures, record a more extensive and ever-increasing employment for industrial processes, and as a means of illumination; but we must admit that electricity still occupies the subordinate position of an intermediary—an accumulator interposed between the original motor and the material to be wrought. The event

has not yet occurred which would exchange the rôles of the two motors and dethrone steam. Nothing short of an installation at the Exposition of experiments in wireless telegraphy would have demonstrated the practical advantages of a genuinely new discovery.

There was, however, one section which had no counterpart in the Exposition of 1889, and that was the vast hall crowded with those bold *parvenus*, the bicycle and the automobile. They proclaimed aloud to the entire Exposition the importance which they have lately assumed in our contemporary life. We would gladly estimate the progress achieved by these lively machines, but, alas! we are not qualified so to do. If it depended on us we could only express a preference for those which can count the fewest victims upon the highway, and these would no doubt be the very ones which the connoisseur would least esteem.

As an affair of international competition the Exposition ought to enable us to classify the nations according to their respective merits. But these tests are never decisive. The competitors do not enter the lists with the same zest, nor make the same degree of effort. There are two, certainly, who have omitted nothing which could conduce to setting their swift advancement in the best possible light. Germany, we are told, was resolved to dazzle us; and she has at least instructed. All of our compatriots who read or travel much know what prodigious economic strides our neighbor has been making, the perfection of her equipment, the opulence of those who—but lately—were so poor. The great mass of Frenchmen adhered until recently to all their old prejudices, but the last six months have removed the scales from their eyes. What competent judges say is that the German machines, though possibly inferior to the American in ingenuity, are superior to

all others in the extent and precision of their working power. In the production of artistic objects, of things requiring taste and a feeling for beauty, we have no need to regard our neighbors as formidable rivals. But in the experiments and utilizations of applied science, in extensive industries and manufactures, and in short, in every branch of trade, we find them occupying a foremost place. Here German activity has already found its reward in wealth, and it is a methodical and thoroughly disciplined activity, everywhere subordinated to a general plan and a higher direction. The ruling will has made itself felt, even in the unexpected rush to our great fair of guests who will at least carry away the memory of a courteous welcome. The late international reunion might almost be described as a German Exhibition. In the Champ de Mars, and along the banks of the Seine, there were none but Germans to be seen, there was no language to be heard but theirs. A rumor circulated that they had made a bid for supplying the Exposition with the power and the light still requisite for its belated arrangements. There are *symbolistes* even in business; and if the contract had actually been drawn up, they would surely have recoiled from the formidable symbolism of the simple announcement—Paris gets its light and power from Germany.

We have also signalized the accession of a new nation to the rank of a great, nay, of a very great Power. Unlike the Germans, the Japanese first attracted us by their artistic superiority. We fancied that we knew all about it; but they have now revealed to us its high antiquity, and the splendid development it had attained in the hands of old masters who simply confound us by the freedom and the verity of their art. The heirs of these men have nobly preserved their traditions. As weavers they are beyond comparison;

for they can inform a web with all the poetry of nature. And these little artists have also shown themselves the most practical and enterprising of men in those more prosaic crafts whose object is to seize and utilize the riches of nature. As farmers, traders, machinists and marines they were to be met with in every section of the Fair, and they excelled in all. They have had the chance to exhibit themselves completely;—I mean, to display their military and political manliness as well as their commercial and artistic aptitudes. At the very moment when they were charming all Europe at Paris, the Japanese were saving Europe in China from a great danger and a great disgrace. Their troops won the admiration of ours by their rare qualities of discipline, valor and intelligence. Up to that time, it had been an unsolved problem, whether the hasty imposition of our civilization would bear durable fruit among the Japanese. The year 1900 answered the question—at least provisionally. In the arts alike of war and of peace, as well as in every department of the great competition for livelihood, the Empire of the Rising Sun has shown itself in a position to challenge, and in a fair way soon to equal, the greatest and the strongest nations of the West. The young champion begins the new century well!

From the example thus afforded, we pass to our conclusions. They would be as tedious in the drawing as a day without a meal, if we were merely playing the petty game of endeavoring to find the entire estate of the century that is gone in the bequest of the Exposition. It would be a dangerous attempt and might result badly for the deceased. Some malicious old gentleman or other would be sure to observe that the century had come in under a triumphal arch to the tune of exultant pæans, and that it was going out

through the far less epic arch of the Salamander. We have, moreover, the best of reasons for not pushing our symbolism too far. We forget that the synthesis of a century was attempted in 1889, when also the Exhibition called itself centennial. That of last summer was, in fact, but a repetition which could neither alter nor shed any new light upon the aspect of the non-genarian so earnestly pondered eleven years ago. We endeavored, at that time, not merely to define the characteristic features of the nineteenth century but to formulate its philosophy. In view of a display which has not suggested the slightest modification of our previous judgment, we can but repeat ourselves. Nothing has occurred to modify the opinion then expressed concerning the achievements and the errors of the old century.

We may admit, if you insist upon it, that the photographic proof struck off in 1900 accentuates, at certain points, the features with which we are all familiar. Symmetry—that word which was formerly so common, and which is passing out of use with the idea that it once expressed, in days when a work of art, or a book, or a festival, or an assemblage of buildings was valued according to the success with which all the different parts were subordinated to one central thought—symmetry, I say, is absent more and more. Individual attempts are multiplied—interesting and intelligent attempts, beautiful sometimes, often very useful—but they are totally unconnected with one another, and the whole is incoherent and anarchic.

Honestly now, is not this the impression which you received from our Exposition? Here is another strongly marked feature. Folk from the uttermost ends of the earth flocked to our Babel, and mingled in the Rue des Nations, where, nevertheless, every pavilion aimed at preserving intact the

ethnic peculiarities of race and country. Is not this very contradiction between a cosmopolitanism which accepts everything, and a nationalism becoming every day more jealous and uncompromising, more determined to maintain or to restore complete integrity of breed, language, laws and traditions—one of the biggest of the unknown quantities in the problem which our age is bequeathing to its successor? How, and after what conflicts, will the two antagonistic instincts be reconciled? He would be a bold man who should venture to predict.

Let us return to the lesson afforded by the Japanese. We said just now that theirs was a really integral exhibit. Our own, despite appearances, can never be more than partial if localized in Paris. Our monster show has brought out very clearly some of the conditions of our national vitality, but it had nothing to tell us concerning the most essential. We are like candidates who have stood our examination in some topics of minor importance, and the examiner suspends his judgment; but there might be a bitter awakening in store for the poor child were he to fancy that he had finally passed!

Interested flatterers—our masters themselves to begin with—have loaded us with compliments, which threaten to beguile and deceive the strong common-sense of our people. It is intimated that, by the very fact of having had an Exposition, we rank as the foremost people upon earth, and, on all sides, we hear of naught save the glory, the greatness, the strength, of which this miraculous display is the sure sign and sufficient guarantee. Such talk is dangerous, both in what it says and what it does not say. One of our statesmen was rather cruelly criticized, not long since, for saying in the course of a plea for the builder of the great Tower, that he had “given us the aims of a little glory.” The hyperbole

was perhaps excusable in the mouth of an advocate at the Palais, but it would be very much out of place in an official report. Yet what else has been said for the last six months in the dithyrambs perpetually repeated and accompanied by higher and higher bids? The least disadvantage of these exaggerations is that they cause the foreigner to smile. They may well talk of our insupportable vanity; the least ill-disposed of them would rejoice to see us hypnotized by so fatal a delusion. We can assure the outsider that it is one which all Frenchmen do not share. We are most happy to have shown our visitors that there is good work in France, no less than good taste, and good grace and courtesy at their service. But we understand perfectly that more than this is required of us—other efforts, other deeds, further proofs of energy—if we are to recover the old precedence which is now disputed. And of this we are bound to convince our fellow-citizens.

An Exposition affords information concerning the capacity of a country for labor, concerning the quality of labor and the bent of the national genius. These are all very good things. The virtues thus attested are among the most honorable of all, and the most essential to the moral health of any people. But no Exposition can properly illustrate the highest scientific attainment of a nation or its purely intellectual creations. The lyric flight of a Victor Hugo cannot be shown, nor the intuition of a Pasteur in his laboratory, nor even the thought of a Taine before his desk. A very few initiated persons will read, in the cold figures of statistical reports, the miracles daily wrought by charity; but what can never be seen in "the grand assizes of Labor and Peace" are the aptitudes and virtues which constitute the protection of labor and insure the continuance of peace—the heroism of the soldier, the

determination of the statesman, the vital and unremitting action of all those who subserve the interests of their country. We must not suffer our citizens to rest in the belief that their country is great enough if they have done a good day's work.

Tell them rather that a nation's greatness is made up of elements more numerous, more complex, and sometimes ruder. In the opinion of Europe, the true Exposition, the one that will count in history, is "on" just now in China. The strength of all the great Powers is there being put forth, and their relative influence determined. No one doubts that our soldiers will sustain the test with honor; one would like to feel sure that those who direct our politics will acquit themselves equally well. It will be all the greater credit to them if they do, because the Exposition was a heavy load to carry; it is always the most serious objection to these momentous functions that they hamper for a long time a country's freedom of action and divert men's minds from her essential interests. Our enemies understand this perfectly, and so do our friends. At the very beginning of the Chinese troubles a Russian journal, and one of those most consistently friendly to ourselves, began a regretful editorial as follows:—

"France is passing through that strange period which may be called, in her case, the period of *Expositional trance*. For more than a year now all interests, all enterprises, all governmental life and political action have been subordinated to the single consideration: 'Will such and such things affect the Exposition unfavorably?'"

Let us hope that the state of torpor here described will not have prejudiced our foreign policy. Were it to do so, we should indeed have paid too dear for the incidental benefits of the Exposition. Infinitely too dear if the good sense of the public were to be



drugged by a false idea, and our people should lend a too willing ear to the beguiling voices of those who claim that it is the greatest of all honors to have entertained the universe in a bonded warehouse. Were that mean conception of national greatness once to find its way into our hearts, displacing more manly aspirations, we might hold decennial exhibitions to our heart's content; cram them with furniture and gems, restaurants and foreign exhibits;

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build palaces for the "staff" served by only too many seductive attendants, and give Babylonian banquets therein—the people who, if not rudely awakened by some salutary shock, should prefer no better claim than this to the primacy of the nations, would be in imminent danger of presenting to pleasure-seeking, foreign guests, at the Jubilee Exposition of the year 2000, only a colossal mirror reflecting its own decadence.

*Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé.*

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### IN THE HEART OF KALAMANTAN.

Seated on the ground, his back resting against the wall of the stockade, his crooked knees supporting his elbows, his palms lying flat, one against either cheek, he stared moodily at the sunset. His figure was thin and wasted; the color of his skin was sallow and opaque; premature lines had furrowed themselves upon a face which should have been that of a man in his first youth. Even now that the glory in the western sky furnished beauty enough to fill the sight of any man, his eyes were restless and shifty. Every minute or so he recalled his gaze from the distant horizon and threw anxious, uneasy glances about him, as though he dreaded the approach of some enemy, as though threatened by some ever-present danger. Perhaps it was the same feeling of insecurity which had caused him to seat himself with the only solid structure in sight protecting his back from possible assault.

The little block-house surrounded by its wooden palisade, above which the high-pitched palm-leaf roof rose skywards in a dust-colored pyramid, stood in the centre of a wide, flat valley. On every side for a distance of four or

five miles the ground stretched to the foothill in a series of low, sweeping undulations, the whole smothered completely by a waste of coarse, rank grass. The squalid Mûrut villages—each consisting of a single long barrack divided into narrow dwellings all opening out on to a common veranda—nestled in the hollows, and were seen so indistinctly between the grass tufts on the higher ground that they did nothing towards breaking the flatness of the plain or relieving its aching monotony. Fencing the valley in a seemingly endless chain without break or outlet, ranges of vast mountains rose abruptly from its edge, those on the north clustering about the feet of a giant peak some 11,000 feet in height, those to the south, east and west sloping upwards to lesser summits 3,000 or 4,000 feet above sea-level. Once long ago in the dim recesses of an unrecorded past, the valley had been a lake, hidden here from the eyes of men in the heart of many mountains; now the waters had subsided, giving place to a race of unclean men, who squatted like foul parasitic growths on the rich alluvial soil; but to the solitary white

man the loneliness of the place could not have been more intense had the valley retained from the beginning its prehistoric aspect.

That ring of tumbled hilltops, hemming him in on every side, had for him a terrible fascination—the fascination of fear. When first he came to this place it had taken him many days of heart-breaking toil to scramble up the slopes by means of the precipitous native paths, and two more to slip and slide down into the valley in which he was to be stationed. Even now the memory of that tramp was a nightmare which set all his limbs aching; he recalled the hours spent in climbing, climbing, climbing up that seemingly interminable path, the agony of looking ahead and seeing the slim line of track stretching heavenwards in unbroken ascent; the cramp occasioned in his feet by walking for miles along the shelving slopes of hillsides, by struggling over smooth, round boulders in the beds of streams; the giddiness which turned him sick as he tight-rope along a ridge from which the ground fell away in sheer pitches for hundreds of feet on either hand; the falls which, as he descended, shook him from head to foot, covering him with bruises; the heat, the sweat, the toil, the insufferable sense of exhaustion and fatigue. At the time he had told himself that if he were to fall sick he would have no alternative but to die where he was; that he could never return over that vast barrier of mountains; and the thought had been ever present to his mind since then, had grown upon him as he brooded over it, fretting his nerves, working upon his imagination, filling him with a sickening fear, till at last the valley had become to him a prison-house, the mountains rows of inexorable warders shutting him off from life, from human beings, from all the civilized world.

He was that unusual thing, a very

sensitive and imaginative Englishman. Most of the boys of our race, whom Fate chucks headlong into distant, God-forgotten crannies, there to teach savage folk the virtues which they instinctively dislike, and to wean them from the vices which they naturally love, have certain sterling qualities which stand them in good stead. They may not be brilliant men at their books; they may have been ploughed and plucked until they are furrowed and bare; but they are usually endowed with a perfect, an almost sublime self-confidence; an unquestioning sense of their own superiority of race, which enables them to rule men of a lesser breed with a calm strength which has a force that is more than *Medic*, an utter fearlessness which is almost stupid in its complete contempt of danger—its inability to realize that such a thing exists—and above all, a sound common-sense which is worth all the 'ologies. Such men as these go into the wild corners of the world—barren places in an intellectual sense, where no water is—and live there, or die there, as the case may be, with an absolute light-heartedness, barely realizing that their fate is harder than that of their fellows, and becoming so absorbed by the interest of their task that for a space all other created things sink into utter insignificance. Boys who live the lives of dogs, alone and unfriended among a savage race, will speak to you with enthusiasm of the charms of their impossible "district," will compare most unfavorably with it the little steaming towns of the East, where white men strive to cheat themselves into forgetting that their exile is yet unended; and it is only those of us who have passed through a similar experience who can detect the sanity underlying this apparent mania.

But now and again it happens that those who select men for these thankless billets make what the Americans

call "a bad break." The average English boy, as I have said, has an inbred aptitude for this special class of work, and this leads people to forget that there are exceptions to this, as to every rule. Gervase Fornier, the solitary white man now seated alone, gazing at the setting sun, was one of these exceptions. His relatives were poor, and it was necessary that the boy should work for his living, but he had been signally unfortunate in his attempts to satisfy the examiners at Burlington House as to his intellectual fitness for some branch of the public service. He was by no means lacking in brains, and possessed some culture both literary and artistic; but his acquirements were not of that solid order which commands the respect, and is rewarded by the marks, of the Civil Service Examination Board. Perhaps he wasted too much of his time, which should have been devoted to cramming, in reading books not in the curriculum, and more in writing little stories, which his mother pronounced to be charming and quite as good as De Quincey, and the editors, to whom they were submitted, declined to use with a quite wonderful unanimity. At last old Mr. Fornier, who did not share his wife's admiration for their son, said roundly that he had wasted money enough upon Gervase's education, and the opportunity occurring about that time shipped him off to Kalamantan, in the service of which State his influence had secured the boy a nomination.

Gervase felt the picturesqueness of his exile acutely, and wrote some wishy-washy verse upon the subject between intervals of sea-sickness, deck-dances and flirtations; but the little tropical town in which he was first stationed took a great deal of the gilding off the situation. There was a good deal of office work to be done, the Malay language to be studied, and a hard-

bit gang of short-tempered senior officers to be satisfied, who proved to be even less amenable than the Civil Service Commissioners themselves. Gervase suffered pangs of home-sickness. His pride sustained a severe shock when he made the discovery that to those about him there was nothing picturesque or unusual in the fact of his enforced banishment—that he was merely one of an unconsidered pack of boys who were valued solely for the amount of work which they were able to get through in a given time. He was desperately miserable, and he would have given up the struggle very willingly, but his father, who distrusted the young man's perseverance, kept him so short of money, over and above the pittance which he earned, that he could not even save enough to pay the cost of his return passage to Europe, even if he had been able to summon the courage necessary for an interview with his irate parent. Long before the death of a brother officer led to Gervase being sent up-country into the district which is the heart of Kalamantan, the youngster had watched every atom of the expected romance vanish from his life of exile. Everything was prosaic, commonplace, squalid, ugly, uninteresting; but it was not until he had reached his station in the interior that the full measure of his misery was made plain to him.

"Are you going to send young Fornier to succeed Bush?" the headquarters Resident had asked his chief.

"Yes," said the latter grimly.

"He won't do any good there."

"So far as I know there isn't any good to be done."

"He is not the cut of youngster for an up-country station to my thinking."

"He is not the cut of youngster for any station. In the interior there is nothing to be done, and Fornier, if I know him, will do it."

The other laughed. "Still, I cannot help thinking that it will prove a failure. I doubt whether he has either the pluck or the stamina necessary for the job."

The chief stretched himself elaborately, and spoke through a half-stifled yawn. "I'm inclined to agree with you," he said; "but it is about the only chance I can see of making a man of the fellow—an off-chance, I admit, but it's fair to give it to him."

The chief was a hard as well as a strong man, and in the years that were done he had himself gone through the searching ordeal of long solitary exile among folk of an alien race, had come through it triumphantly, with a great reputation for skill and nerve in the management of turbulent tribes, and was now wont to speak lovingly of his curious experiences, comparing unfavorably the office-pent but comfort-laden present with the freedom of the rough, adventurous, peril-beset past. He was of all men the one most ill-calculated to understand what a similar trial would hold for a man like Gervase Fornier, or to appreciate the effects which it would be likely to produce upon his sensitive, imaginative temperament.

From the beginning of his sojourn in the heart of Kalamantan, the horror of the place had gripped the boy. It was not only the utter loneliness which those ramparts of blue mountains emphasized, not only the sense of awful isolation, of entire self-dependence, cut off from human aid, which numbed and paralyzed him, it was the looks, the habits, the savagery of the wild creatures by whom he was surrounded that filled him with disgust, with unconquerable revulsion, with ungovernable fear. They were filthy Mûruts, one of the lowest races of our human stock, who ground their teeth to the gums, plucked out their eyebrows and eyelashes, thus giving to their faces an

air of deformity, and parted their frowzy locks in the middle after twisting their long hair into dirty chignons, so that every man among them appeared to belong to some infinitely degraded branch of the female sex. For the most part they wore no clothing save a foul loin-clout; but occasionally they went abroad dressed in grotesque coats, sleeveless, tightly-fitting, and ornamented with incongruous tails, long like those of the Pied Piper, cut after the fashion of the evening garments of civilized men. They were lazy, improvident and abominable in their habits; they converted their annual crop of rice into atrocious native liquor, of which men, women and little children drank to intoxication with open shamelessness, lying about in bestial attitudes until they had partially recovered their sobriety, when they would crawl back to the jars to suck up more drink through the bamboo pipes until they again lapsed into a state of unconsciousness. For the greater part of the year they starved; for not only the rice but the tapioca and the jungle-roots were all put to the same purpose, and there was always a stock of liquor to draw upon, even when good food had not been tasted for many hours. But though these things filled young Fornier with disgust, they would not of themselves have been sufficient to cause him fear. The Mûruts often waxed riotous in their cups, and the throbbing of the drums from a village where a drinking-bout was in progress pulsed across the valley to his stockade, telling him of the savagery so near at hand, and setting his over-quick imagination to work picturing awful things which might befall. But he had his reasons for these fears.

One day, about a month after his arrival in the valley, he had visited one of the villages, and had taken his seat in the long veranda, which was the

common room of all the dwellings. A vast collection of earthenware jars, the only valuables of the Mûruts, and at that time their only currency, flanked the edge of the veranda, and the naked folk squatted around in grotesque attitudes without regard to courtesy or respect such as the Malayan peoples use. The place was stuffy and dark, filled with the horrible odor of the Mûruts, mingled with that of the lean swine in the ill-kept sties below the building. Coming suddenly out of the burning sun-glare of the noontide into the gloom of the place, it was some time before Gervase's eyes could see anything distinctly; but at length, looking upwards, he caught sight of certain objects which made his heart stand still. They were round in shape and blackened with soot, and were suspended from a beam in a long line, draped with the greasy leaves called *daun silat*, which extended from one end of the veranda to the other; and they had great, deep, cavernous eyes, which glared at the boy above mouths which grinned with a horrible unchanging merriment. They were human skulls, and as he looked at them, the whole row seemed to have fixed its sightless eye-sockets upon him in awful invitation; those jaws which had been clenched in the agony of a violent death, to be laughing in concert at the doom which in his turn awaited him. Gervase fancied that he could almost hear the sound of that ghoulish merriment, of that still chorus that the voices of the dead had spoken aloud in prophecy of his own doom. Hurriedly he leapt to his feet and pushed his way through the Mûruts out into the open air, and then stumbled back to his stockade sick with horror at what he had seen.

And the memory haunted him. Involuntarily he pictured to himself the manner of the unforeseen death, which had robbed each one of those grinning

skulls of the life that had animated it; in his dreams he was present at fifty hideous murders; twenty times a-day the head-hunters, in fancy, were upon him; a stir caused by a lizard in the grass set his heart beating; every chance noise left him faint and sweating; the drums of the drunken folk in the valley spoke a sure message, and in his soul he cowered at their beat. His Dyak policemen told him blood-curdling tales with the light-hearted brutality of their kind—tales of their own head-hunting traditions, and stories of the manner in which the Mûruts had obtained fresh trophies by stealing upon unarmed people while they sowed their crops, upon mothers tending their little ones, upon strayed children, decrepit old men, or upon sleeping warriors. Soon Gervase, still tortured by that uneasy imagination of his, began to fear the Dyaks as much as the Mûruts. They had the tradition of head-hunting behind them; the longing for it, for aught he knew, still lurked in their blood. Might it not break out afresh some day? Yet these men were his only guard, his only protectors; he shared his stockade with them; he felt himself to be entirely at their mercy!

If Gervase had known a little more, and had made a more sparing use of that torturing imagination of his, he might have been saved much mental agony. Most of the heads adorning the Mûrut huts in his valley were the trophies of almost prehistoric times. For some years the ancient practice had been abandoned by the people, who stood in considerable awe of their white rulers; and even the blood-stained records of Kalamantan of an earlier date told of few European victims sacrificed to the savage custom. Drunken or sober, the Mûruts around him did not so much as dream of seeking the head of their district officer, though the young braves might secretly covet it,



and the Dyaks were as loyal and good-hearted a set of little people as a man might wish to be befriended by when in a tight place. In reality, had he but known it, Gervase was as safe in the heart of Kalamantan as in the gut of Piccadilly—safer, indeed, for in this distant valley men ran no chance of being obliterated by hurrying hansom, reckless cyclist, or awkward motor-car. But the boy was alone, isolated, cut off from his fellows, and the dreary monotony of his days fretted his nerves to excruciation, making him a more easy prey to fear than he himself would have deemed possible six months before. Reading his history, you may say, perhaps, that the boy was of no account; that he was that abomination of the Englishman—a “funkstick.” But transfer yourself for a moment from your own secure and comfortable surroundings; go forth in spirit into the heart of Kalamantan; let its loneliness, its savagery, the horror of its people, enter into your soul, and see if thereafter you are equally ready to condemn Gervase Fornier, the boy of sensitive temperament, on whose excitable imagination his incongruous environment exercised so disastrous an effect. And remember also that where danger is concerned, and fear aroused, it matters less whether the peril be real than whether he who suffers believes in the reality of its existence.

As Gervase sat now, his back protected from possible attack by the wall of his stockade, he gazed outward at the western line of mountains. Above the hill-tops the sunset glow was firing the heavens with a blaze of wonderful colors—oranges, crimsons and reds, great wide washes of pink, splashes of yellow, flecks of gorgeous tints for which men have no name—all rich and warm with the luxuriant beauty of the tropics. Higher yet in a broad expanse pure and stainless, and here and there slashing the brighter hues with slim

inlets, the sky showed an ethereal azure, intensifying the magnificence of the more pronounced colors. Against it the tumbled heaps of mountain stood out prominently, seemingly close at hand, tinged a deep clear cobalt of a tint so vivid, yet so even and regular, that the hills had the air of having been dyed in some giant's vat. At the feet of the range, and in the near foreground, the crude greens of grass and shrub gave off their color with a brightness almost dazzling, in strange contrast to the intense blueness of the hills—the glory and the tenderness in the sky, the deep tint of the mountains and the vivid verdure of the valley together making a blending of brilliant hues which intoxicated with its splendor.

Gervase, leaning slightly forward, drank in the beauty with a feverish eagerness which grudged each second of the transient spectacle. He was by nature wedded to the soft and lovely things of life—to tender lights, sweet sounds, dainty garments, luxurious furniture, to all the concomitants of an advanced and fastidious civilization. His appreciation of beauty amounted to a passion, and here, in the heart of Kalamantan, Nature daily fed his craving during the evening hour. But the six o'clock sunset—in these lands the sun goes to bed with exemplary regularity—had of late held for Gervase yet another solace more precious than all. From the door of the stockade a line of slim posts staggered off to the skyline, leaning this way and that, like the members of a drunken procession. They were crowned with white insulators, connected together by a thin wire, and at six o'clock in the evening the Morse hours were over, and the telephone in the stockade put Gervase in communication with his only European neighbor, a district officer who had his station over the mountains some sixty miles away. The track between the two

places was villainous, and climbed up the sides of the hills as a fly crawls up a pane of glass, and it took a strong man six days to cover the distance on foot.

Now, however, the wisdom of the ages has found a means of annihilating space, and every evening Gervase sought comfort and companionship by conversing with his distant countryman whose face he had never seen.

Hardly had the glow died down in the western sky than he dragged himself to his feet, and entering his bedroom rang up the one station with which he was connected by wire.

"Are you there, Burnaby?"

An answer came back in Malay.

"Where is the Tûan?" Gervase asked in the vernacular.

"He is not here," replied the native. "There is trouble in the upper country, and the Tûan left this place this morning. The Mûruts of the interior are on the war path, village striving with village, each seeking the heads of their fellows, and the Tûan hath gone forth to punish. The villages will be sad in their livers, and poorer by much muletting before he returns!" And a gurgling laugh rippled along the wire. Burnaby was a man who ruled the more turbulent natives of the far interior with an iron hand, and his people thought all the world of him.

"When will he return?" Gervase asked anxiously. The disappointment of not finding his friend was keen; the rumor of trouble gave him an unpleasant shock. If the Mûruts had broken out there, why should they not do the like in his own valley? He did not realize that there are Mûruts and Mûruts, that the men of the far interior still try spasmodically to keep up the time-honored customs which have been effectually stamped out in more accessible places, and that an outbreak of the kind among them could not con-

ceivably affect his own peaceable and intoxicated tribesmen.

"When will Tûan Bambi return?" repeated the Voice. "Allah and the Tûan alone know! When the Tûan goeth forth to speak with evil folk and teach to them lessons, he is wont to be absent until the work is accomplished—it may be days, or weeks, or even months. Till the villagers sit down and bow their heads, paying heavy fines, Tûan Bambi will not return. I am moved with pity when I think of those so foolish people!" And the Voice laughed again.

Gervase racked his brains for something more to say. He was loth to sever himself at once from the only station in his neighborhood. The Voice through the telephone seemed to him to afford a sense of protection, of companionship, to make his isolation less complete, less dreary. For some minutes he asked pointless questions and received wearied answers from the Voice, but at last the latter lost patience, and asking to be excused that it might depart to eat rice, abruptly ceased the conversation by ringing off the telephone.

With a heavy heart Gervase turned away, and sat down at a rickety table upon which his unappetizing meal was spread. Bad food, vilely cooked, is one of the delights of a very distant station in Kalamantan. No self-respecting cook can be induced to take up his abode in such a place, and the result is much discomfort and a fair amount of indigestion. The meal over, Gervase smoked a cigar on his veranda, reading for the hundredth time one of his few books—a dearth of literature is another of the exile's crosses—and then went to bed. But, as was his wont, he slept ill. All through the night his imagination played him countless tricks. He dreamed of horrors and woke with a start, sweating and panting, to lie in open-eyed wretchedness, listening with

wildly-beating heart to every chance sound within the stockade. The drums in the valley and the drunken yells of the Mûruts came to his ears, and he wondered whether they were making ready to join their fellows of Burnaby's district in a head-hunt. The stealthy footfall of some one moving about the stockade made him sit up grasping his pistol, and at other times the very stillness of the night, given over wholly to bird and insect, filled him with unreasoning dread. Before the dawn he fell into a heavy sleep, from which he awoke oppressed by a vague sense of misfortune besetting him. For a few minutes he lay groping in his mind for the cause of this new weight upon his spirits, and then with a pang he remembered that Burnaby was absent from the other end of the telephone, that there was trouble over the mountains, and that his fearful presentiments of evil were beginning to assume more definite shape, to threaten him with a more concrete peril. But the added feeling of isolation, which Burnaby's departure occasioned, put the crown upon his misery. He had learned of late to lean upon this man whom he had never seen, who was known to him only as a voice made unmusical by the twang and echo of the wire. At times he had almost ceased to remember the distance which separated him from his invisible companion, and he had become accustomed to talk of his fears and his sufferings with a frankness which he could never have used to one into whose eyes he was looking while he unburdened himself of his humiliating confessions. And Burnaby had been very good to him; he had tried to hearten up the youngster, giving him comfort and advice, and seeking to reassure him as to the safety of his position by relating to him incidents illustrative of the lack of courage of the Mûruts, drawn from his own pro-

found experiences. He had not succeeded, for his own stolid self-confidence and pluck made it difficult for him to realize the state of Gervase's mind, and the measure of his sufferings; but, none the less, that voice from out the void had been Fornier's salvation, had saved him from madness, perhaps from worse, and now that it was suddenly taken away without a moment's warning, the loss was crushing.

Gervase Fornier never knew clearly how he fought through the week that followed. The harvest had just been reaped, and the crop had been a fat one, wherefore the Mûruts of the valley enjoyed themselves excessively after their fashion. That is to say, the villages feasted one another by day and by night, each setting before its squalid guests meat which had been kept in the hollow of a bamboo until it had liquefied, inviting them to suck up fiery native spirits through slim pipes which the hosts pushed down with shaking hands into the deepest recesses of the liquor-jars, where the most intoxicating portions of the beverage lurk, while men, women and little children lay pell-mell about the hut verandas, vomiting, sleeping off the fumes, singing and shouting discordantly, and waking from their drunken torpors to suck up more and more draughts of the poisonous stuff. This meant that the valley was turned for a time into a hideous pandemonium, that the shouts and yells of the drunken savages were heard almost incessantly, and that the throb of their drums, which seemed ever inciting the people to outrage and fresh excesses, beat and pulsed wildly from every quarter. The noise fretted Gervase's jangled nerves; some of his Dyaks sneaked off to the villages and returned gloriously inconsequent and merrily pugnacious. Gervase, who only knew Malay, began to think that he overheard portions of the Dyaks' conversation—

carried on, of course, in their own dialect—and fancied that a plot was being laid against him by the only folk to whom he could look for help or protection. His fears now, as always, were wholly imaginary, but they were none the less real to him for that, and since Burnaby was absent he had no one to whom to turn for comfort or advice, and he brooded over his troubles to a degree which threatened his sanity. He would have thrown up the fight and have made tracks for the coast, but he could not make up his mind to take a step which would mean disgrace, for in his heart he knew that no one would attach importance to the vague signs of danger which were sufficiently convincing to him. Things look so different when seen from different places. He knew what he would have thought six months earlier of the conduct of any one who had been driven from his post by such intangible fears, and were he to give way his fellows would judge him no less harshly. He had enough pride to dread such a verdict being passed upon himself, and unreasoningly he told himself that all would be well when Burnaby returned to Bânat. Every evening at sundown he went to the telephone and asked for news of his friend, but always the same Voice answered his inquiries in Malay. He learned to hate the tones of that voice, to loathe the chuckling laugh with which it mocked his disappointment, and dally with a groan he rang off the telephone, and resigned himself to yet another night of searching anxiety and increasing apprehension. What if Burnaby should never return? The question came to him with haunting insistence. It had no answer. Only a blank, an impenetrable gloom of blackest night, lay beyond, out of which the grim spectre of madness grinned at him with an awful foreknowledge of the future, just as something else had done, . . . what was it? . . . Ah! he

knew, those terrible things which had glared at him from the beam in the Mûrut huts.

The telephone bell rang out sharply, breaking the silence of the sleeping stockade. It was nine o'clock at night and the Dyak policemen were slumbering heavily. From the valley the shouts and the pulsing of the drums still sounded, but Gervase Fornier was in bed. Nevertheless he was across the floor and at the mouth of the instrument before the tinkle of the bell had ceased, and his voice trembled with excitement as he called down the wire, "Is that you, Burnaby?" and when the answer came, "Thank God!" It was a prayer of thankfulness, spontaneous and from the heart, but it sounded like a sob.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the Voice. It sounded strangely thin and faint. Perhaps the batteries needed renewing.

"Oh, I've had an awful time, Burnaby! All the Mûruts are on the drink, and the valley fairly reeks with the stink of their filthy food and the fumes of their liquor. I feel sure a row is brewing, and, Burnaby, the Dyaks are drinking too. I don't know what to do with them."

"Knock their heads together," said the Voice.

"But really, Burnaby, what ought I to do?"

"I should not fuss about it if I were you. Give them a telling off when they are sober, and a little pack-drill to keep 'em so; but we'll talk about it to-morrow. I'm too dog-tired to talk any more now. Good night!"

Next evening when the Morse hours were over, the conversation was resumed.

"Tell me about your own doings," said Gervase.

"I got word that there was trouble in the interior, about twenty miles

from here; so I started off at a moment's notice with half-a-dozen of my fellows—Dyaks, you know—and a few Mûruts for guides and bearers. We had a tremendous tramp of it, all up hill and down dale, villainous country to march through, and impossible to fight in if these jungle-folk knew their business, which they don't. I got to one village and found all the roof-trees hung with new bunches of *daun silat*, and a rotting skull, freshly boiled, being seasoned at the top of a split pole, in a kind of basket they call a *serûwak*. All the villagers were drunk with new wine, like those chaps in the Bible, and I collared the lot of them before they had got over their "Monday heads." They pointed out the popular hero who had taken the head—it belonged to a stray female whom he had caught bathing—so I took him along with me, and fined the village as many jars as they could carry, and sent them back to Bânat to lodge them in my house here against my return. They went like lambs."

There was a strange weakness in the tones of Burnaby's voice which struck Gervase.

"Can you hear me distinctly?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Your voice sounds so faint."

"Does it?"

"Do you think there is anything wrong with the battery?"

"Perhaps; but I would not bother about it, if I were you. You can hear me well enough to understand, can't you?"

"Yes—go on with your story. It's wonderful to me the way you manage these savages."

"There isn't such a thing as a savage in the world. It's merely a question of a difference of prejudice and a divergence, more or less material, in the point of view. If you could see things with a Mûrut's eyes, you would

understand that a life is a life, and therefore that a head is a head, and that the sex or the size of a creature matters not at all, provided that it is animated with the one and stands possessed of the other. Also, all sane persons who love whole skins naturally prefer attacking something that won't fight to tackling something that will.

"Our dislike of the practice of killing women and children is a prejudice of quite recent growth, and our disapproval of alcoholism is more modern still. It was not even shared by our grandfathers! Besides, if your life was bounded by a little district in the heart of Kalamantan, with no ambition, no prospects, and no moral sense—which itself is a thing of recent growth as anthropologists reckon time—you would very likely take to drink yourself. Better men than you or I have done so in similar circumstances. As for the putrid meat you are always complaining of, that, too, is only a question of degree and of personal taste. Don't we white men eat high game and venison? Don't we devour cheese that sits up and joins in the conversation? A fine old Gorgonzola would probably sicken a Mûrut every bit as much as a Mûrut's liquid meat offends your fastidiousness. As for personal cleanliness, why, even the upper classes never washed a hundred years ago, and many of the lower classes never so much as look at a tub, even to the present day. When you go into the thing you will find that we haven't such a great pull over the Mûruts even now when we are so proud of our civilization. We are all savages together, if you will use the word, and we shall only transmute and never succeed in really eradicating any of our primordial instincts to the end of the chapter."

"What a tirade! But I prefer our form of savagery, all the same. But



tell me some more about your doings up-country."

"There isn't much to tell. Word that I was on the path had reached the next village in advance, and I had a little trouble there. They had three heads seasoning in the *serawaks*, and a *bangun* was in progress, specially arranged, I imagine, to show me that they were keeping their tails up."

"What in the wide world is a *bangun*?" asked Gervase.

"It is one of the cheerful practices of the wild Mûruts, which used once to be very general, but is now dying out, together with other old customs. I'm pretty broad-minded, but I am bound to own that I disapprove of a *bangun*, and my people know that it is the one thing that riles me past bearing."

"But what is it?"

"It's a devil-dance of a peculiar kind which combines sport with utility. It provides safe sport such as the Mûruts love, and it is useful because it establishes something like the penny-post between this world and the next. The letters transmitted are never answered, of course, but then in my experience that is the fate of the majority of the letters we send to people in this world, and one can hardly expect the dead, who doubtless have their own affairs to look after, to prove better correspondents than the living."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about a *bangun*. The Mûruts get hold of some aged or decrepit person, generally a cripple or a woman, and hang them up in a cage and torture them. They try to keep them alive as long as they can, but as everybody present is gloriously drunk, and as men, women and children are all equally anxious to prick and stab them with their knives and spears, charging them the while with messages to their dead relatives, the victims of the *bangun* are wont to be used up rather quickly. At every prick and stab the

assailant cries out, 'Give my compliments to the shade of my father, or aunt, or sister, or cousin, as the case may be, when you get to the top of Kina-Balu, and this wound which I inflict is the token you shall bear them!' You know the Mûruts think that when they die their spirit goes to the peaks of the great mountain, and personally I am inclined to place credence in the theory. I doubt very much whether Satan would give a Mûrut a free pass into his domain, and no matter how many houses there may be in heaven, it would be no place for me if the Mûruts live in any of them! Well, when I got to Chenchâdu—the village I was telling you of—they were having the very deuce of a *bangun*, the victim being an old crippled hag, bent double with years and deformity, and bleeding in fifty places. I rushed the place and saved the old thing; but the Mûruts were pot-valiant, and we had to kill a few of them before we got the creature away. She showed no particular enthusiasm at her deliverance, and sat in a corner of the hut moping and mowing at us like a lost soul. I fancy the *bangun* had over-excited her, and that she was not quite clear as to whether or no she had arrived at Kina-Balu prematurely. Still, I'm glad we saved her, and a good few of the men of the village will now be able to deliver their messages to their dead relatives in person, which will have a good moral effect, I hope."

Gervase was aghast at what he had heard, and the apparent coolness of the Voice, in spite of its faint, far-away sound, in a manner intensified the horror. "What an awful experience!" he said. "Were any of your men hurt?"

"One killed and two or three of us wounded. I got a scratch with a spear myself—nothing to worry about, but it has given me a little fever, so I don't think that I will talk much more to-night. We gave the village a lesson it

won't forget in a hurry. To-morrow you must tell me how you have been getting on. Keep your pecker up. Good night."

Next evening the conversation of the two men who had never looked into one another's faces and yet were friends, each having caught more than a passing glimpse of the other's soul, began again at the usual hour.

"How is your wound to-night?" asked Gervase.

"Oh, it's nothing much, thank you. I have not even reported myself sick."

Gervase heaved a great sigh of relief. During the last few hours he had been torturing himself with the fear that Burnaby might be invalidated to the coast, in which case he Gervase would experience once more that soul-searching solitude which had well-nigh proved too much for him during his friend's short absence in the interior. He could not stifle an exclamation of thankfulness and satisfaction which the wire repeated faithfully to the white man at the other end sixty miles away.

"What are you thanking God for, Fornier? The slightness of my wound or my failure to report it?" and the Voice laughed rather hysterically.

"Oh, Burnaby, what a cur I am!" cried Gervase impulsively. He had formed the habit of speaking with a strange openness to this invisible friend. "I'm a selfish brute, and I think of myself always and of no one else besides! There are you at the other end wounded, and in pain, in bad pain, I dare say, although you make so little of it, and here am I thinking only of my own dread of being left alone." For a moment he had a passing thought of volunteering to tramp across the Bânat to tend Burnaby in his sickness. A few months earlier he would have made the suggestion, but now his nerves had been jangled to such an extent by his perpetual apprehen-

sions, that he dared not attempt an enterprise which he regarded as so beset with peril. The way led through wild Mûrut country such as he had never yet visited—country which Burnaby could traverse with safety, but then Burnaby's influence, he told himself, was a thing apart. It took but a second for these ideas to jostle one another in his mind, and before he had finally arrived at a resolution Burnaby spoke again.

"Don't you fret about me, young 'un," he said. "I'm all right. But why in the world don't you clear out? You'll never do any good where you are—you ain't cut out for it."

"I wish I could, but I can't. You have been good to me, and I have told you all I feel, and you have never laughed at me about it, but no one else would understand. Everybody would think that it was just sheer unreasoning funk; they would point the finger of scorn at me forever after. I couldn't stand that unless the misery of the life here had driven me quite off my head, and it won't do that while you're at Bânat. If you had to go . . . Well, God only knows what would happen to me then!"

"Well, I'm not going anyhow. Haven't I told you that I haven't even reported myself sick?"

"Yes; . . . but, Burnaby . . . I hope, . . . I hope you'll go if you think you ought to. . . . I . . . I trust you won't let any . . . any consideration for me . . . keep you, . . . don't you know?" Even to his own ears the halting words rang false, and he cursed himself for a cur. The thin, quavering laugh—so unlike any sound that usually came from Burnaby's lips—dribbled along the wire.

"Don't be afraid, I won't leave you. But tell me how you have been getting on. I had rather listen than talk this evening. Is the heart of Kalamantan still giving you jim-jams?"

"It's awful, Burnaby, awful. Don't laugh at me! Those walls of mountain shutting me in take the heart out of me—they seem to choke me, to cut me off from the living. I'm damned before my time. All day long I look at them ringing me round pitilessly, with that glaring green plain dancing under the heat-haze, and the little spurs of hill running into it as though they were poking mocking fingers at me in derision! Don't you feel it, too?"

"Can't say I do. I take the world as God made it, and the natives as the devil made them. It's the easier way. But I think I can understand, and I wish to heaven I could help you! Can't you pull yourself together and buck up a bit? Your trouble is all imaginary, if you could only bring yourself to believe it."

"That's what the Christian scientists say of pain, but the pain is there none the less. The thing is so real to me that half the time I have to hold on with both hands to save myself from screaming!"

Far into the night Gervase Fornier sat pouring out his thoughts and feelings to his friend, and words of encouragement and comfort filtered through the wire from Burnaby. It was an unspeakable relief to the overwrought youngster to be able to put his trouble into words. The mental agony from which he suffered filled every cranny of his mind, haunted him by day and by night, was fast winning upon him a grip like that of a monomania. He no longer reasoned about it. It was an *idée fixe*, a tangible fact, unquestioned, insistent, overwhelming. As he spoke of it at length, it shook him with an irresistible tremor as a terrier shakes a rat.

At the other end of the wire a gaunt man of a livid paleness, the effect of which was heightened by a patch of hectic color on either cheek, lay in a long chair with the telephone instru-

ment fixed convenient to his reach, listening to the confessions of the youngster whom from his heart he pitied. A bamboo spear which had been thrust through his thigh had left a festering wound, which was clumsily swathed in stained bandages. He was racked with fever, which parched his skin, making it rough and fiery hot; his eye shone with an unnatural brightness. It was the fourth day since that on which he had received his wound, and he was spent and weak; but sleep was far from him, and he was possessed by a vague, inconsequent idea that his first duty was towards young Fornier, the man whom he had never seen, whom he but partially understood, whom he had begun by despising and ended by loving after a fashion which even to himself he owned to be inexplicable. His feeling for the boy was of the kind which not infrequently animates a strong nature when it is brought into close contact with one which needs its support. Pity and contempt were strangely blended; he had at first been interested by a personality so unlike his own, had encouraged the confidences which had opened to him a sight of the other's soul; and now he had learned to feel in a measure responsible for Gervase, though the latter was bound to him by no recognizable tie. He had of late even tried to make excuses for Fornier, had sought to convince himself against his better judgment that there was grit at the bottom of the other's character if it could only be brought to the light, and in this connection he had welcomed the boy's explanation of the dread of contempt which kept him at his post in spite of his fears, and the half-hearted efforts which Fornier had made to urge him to report himself sick. A long river joined Bânat to the east coast, and by its means Burnaby could make his way without much difficulty to the haunts of civilized men. Fornier knew

this, and his friend taught himself to believe that in making the suggestion that he should avail himself of the means of retreat open to him, the youngster had performed an act of something not unlike heroism. And perhaps Burnaby was right.

Right or wrong, however, the fact that the suggestion had been made only served to confirm the sick man in his resolution not to desert the panic-stricken boy. He was a lonely man whom Fate had exiled while yet young to a God-forgotten corner of the world, where for years he had lived apart from folk of his own race and color. Like many who are endowed with big natures, Burnaby had great potentialities of affection, but his life had been of a kind which pent up these possibilities within his heart, and now, when the presence of a weaker spirit had let loose the flood-gates, the love which surpasseth the love of woman—an emotion as unaccountable, as illogical and as inconsequent as ever was the love of a man for a maid—bound him to the boy, whose face he did not even know by sight, with a protecting sympathy which bodily suffering itself was powerless to weaken.

Each night the telephone bore words of comfort from Burnaby to Gervase, and the latter hung upon them more eagerly than ever before. Hitherto Burnaby had always seemed a little hard in his intercourse with the younger man. He had jested about his fears, had shown so brave a front himself that the other was often humiliated by the contrast which his own pusillanimity presented to his friend's cool and effortless courage, and at times Gervase felt that Burnaby almost lost patience with him, with his unchanging melancholy and lack of self-confidence. But now, of a sudden, a softer element seemed to have entered into this unusual intercourse. Burnaby

abandoned the harsh, almost brutal tone which he had been accustomed to use, which he had hoped, perhaps, would help to stiffen the other's feebleness, and in this gentler mood he spoke of himself and of his own feelings and griefs as he had never done before. In words which rang true, albeit they were curt and shy, he told Gervase of the only romance which had entered into his loveless life, of the boy-and-girl engagement which had never been able to win parental approval, that had made the first days of his exile so bitter to him. Every man east of Suez who is doomed to a lonely life cherishes somewhere at the back of his heart, the memory of a girl at home, often blurred by time, often buried deeply beneath the sods which years of an ugly life have dumped down upon its grave, but lurking there none the less, and rising ever and anon to haunt and torture like a mocking wraith of a dear one dead. Few men amongst us speak of these things, though each of us knows by introspection the existence of his fellows' secret, and men like Burnaby—men with strong, deep natures—are more reticent than any. But now, weakened by illness and loss of blood, and suffering from the semi-delirium of fever, the long habit of silence and self-repression dropped from him, and Gervase Fournier, the man of strong imagination, well able to picture visions unseen but conjured into being by a chance word, sat at the other end of the telephone, and listened with eager sympathy to his friend's most sacred confidences, as they came to him whispered over miles and miles of forest, mountain and plain.

The simple story, so roughly phrased, so deeply felt, awakened memories in Gervase also, and the mere interchange of confidences so intimate drew the two men together, making each conscious of a nearer tie, a stronger sentiment of affection each for each than

they had hitherto been aware of. As he listened Gervase thought with a sort of wonder of the courage and endurance of this man who, during all the months that he had known him, had always been the same brave, cheering, confidence-creating friend, never melancholy, never dispirited, seemingly never cast down by failure, or driven half-mad by exile and solitude, who yet had cherished all the while the memory of a sorrow which to him was as real, as poignant as it had been in the days when it was freshly come upon him.

What a man Burnaby was! What a born leader! One whom men would follow living, would die for, perhaps, to save him from the death-agony! The shallowness, the futility of his own character smote him by its contrast. For a space Gervase's hatred of himself filled him with shame, goaded him to fight against his weakness, his fears.

Next day Gervase went about his stockade with a new air of confidence, gave his orders sharply and imperatively, and was surprised to see them obeyed at the jump. He was trying to be more like Burnaby.

The next evening the telephone was rung on as usual.

"I'm not going to talk much to-night," said Burnaby.

"Won't you give us a tune?"

"I'll try."

Presently the nasal tones of an accordion came twanging over the wire, and Gervase sat listening with a full heart. The instrument was a good one of its kind, but accordions are not the most musical things in the world, and you or I would not have listened to the discordant sounds for many seconds. But up here in the heart of Kalamantan it was different. Even an accordion can speak a message of melody to ears that have not hearkened to European music for months which

seem like years; and as the old tunes—"the tunes that make you choke and blow your nose"—came sobbing over the wire, they conjured up dead days, careless, sunny, happy, well-beloved, with a vividness like that produced by the half-laded scent we light upon by chance.

It had a weird effect, this music from afar, speaking to the lonely youngster in the wilderness which was his prison-house, but the weirdness would have been intensified could any mortal eye have beheld the musician. He was stretched upon a rude bed which had been dragged to the mouth of the telephone, and was clothed only in a loose jacket, and the wide, native waist-skirt we call a *sarong*. In the few days which had elapsed since last we saw him, his whole face seemed to have fallen inwards. There were great hollows about his temples, deep caverns beneath his prominent cheek-bones; his eyes, burning with fever, looked out of sockets which were like wells; his forehead and brow were bossy with bony excrescences; his chin was covered with a stubble of unshaved hair; the hands which held the accordion were mere bunches of bones bound together by tangles of vein and sinew; his arms and legs were wasted till they had the appearance of slim sticks, brittle and sharp, with unsightly swollen lumps where the joints bulged beneath the taut skin. His eyes were terrible to look upon, filled with an unnatural brightness, restlessly roaming about the squalid room as though seeking some means of escape from present suffering, glaring from out their deeply sunken pits like wild things caged and fierce. He played with palpable effort, panting a little with the exertion, and still the old tunes wailed and sobbed, bearing their message of consolation to Gervase sixty miles away. Suddenly in the middle of a bar the instrument fell from Burnaby's



hands and slipped on to the floor with a discordant clash.

"I won't play any more to-night, . . . I'm . . . not in the . . . vein," he panted down the telephone. "I'm sorry, . . . old . . . man. Keep your . . . pecker . . . up. Good . . . night, and . . . God bless you!" And the telephone was rung off. "I shall have to leave the poor little beggar alone after all!" Burnaby said to himself as he lay limply on his pillows. "God help him! I've stayed with him as long as I could, anyhow!"

An hour later the telephone bell in Gervase's room tinkled through the stillness. He leaped out of bed and ran to it at once.

"Is that you, Burnaby?"

An answer came back in Malay, the speaker's voice tripping and stumbling with excitement.

"Ya Allah, Tñan," it cried. "Our Tñan is dead!"

Fornier reeled back against the wall as though a crushing blow had smitten him between the eyes. Burnaby dead! He could not believe it. Why, he had spoken of his wound as a scratch. He had not even reported himself sick! It was only a few moments ago that he had been speaking, playing the accordion! Why had he concealed the fact of his illness? And then Gervase was shaken by a great tremor. In an instant the conviction was borne in upon him irresistibly that Burnaby had done this thing, had sacrificed his life, to save him from solitude, from the companionship of his own paltry fears. The splendor of his friend's self-denial, of the strength which had made it possible for him to do so noble a deed, dazzled the youngster's mental vision, robbing him for a space of the power of thought, and then his mind regained its balance, and he loathed himself. This had been done for him—for him! A creature so abject, so worthless, so

weak, that the other had feared to leave him alone lest he should lose his reason, and had offered up his own life as a sacrifice in a vain attempt to aid him! The bare thought turned him physically sick, made him long to blot himself out of the universe as a thing of infinite defilement, whose continued existence besmirched the surface of a clean world, made him desire from the bottom of his being to do anything, anything, no matter how desperate, that might be in a measure an expiation, an atonement for what he felt was a crime of his committing!

In the past he had often pictured what would be his sensations were Burnaby to die and leave him, but his fancy had never painted anything like this. His fears had then been all for himself—fear of the infinite loneliness, of the ghastly folk whose villages pent him in, of the life which oppressed him so sorely with its weight of misery. But now all these things were forgotten, or rather had sunk into complete insignificance. What cared he for isolation? What mattered the risk of death at the hands of squalid savages, now that Burnaby had died for him and in so doing had brought home to him the full measure of his own wretched weakness and lack of courage? Why should he any longer dread death now that he had seen his own soul in all its nakedness, and had learned to fear life while the memory clung to him? And Burnaby! . . . Burnaby! What a friend he had been, what a man, what a tower of strength! Little memories of the dead man's kindness and patience came to his mind and set the apple lumping in his throat, and the hard tears gathering to his eyes. Only an instant was needed for all these emotions to rush in tumult through his mind, and a second later he became aware that the voice at the other end of the telephone was still speaking to him.

"What is that you say?" Gervase cried.

"We folk are sore afraid," answered the Voice. "The wild Mûruts of the interior will surely get word of the death of the Tûan, and since they feared him greatly, they will of a certainty try to obtain portions of his body from which to fashion their magic medicines. We be few and these accursed Mûruts be many; moreover, we no longer have the Tûan with us to keep them in awe. The villages be sore at heart, the matter of the mulcting and the hangings being an open wound between us now that the Tûan be dead, and they will certainly raid us. Hath the Tûan any order?"

Then Gervase Fornier's new-found manhood came to his aid. His words rang adown the wire firm and imperative, and the Malay, recognizing the tone of the master, listened humbly, and never so much as dreamed of disobeying.

"Bury the body within the walls of the block-house, and keep watch and ward over the grave both by day and by night, until I come. I will start with the dawn and in six days I shall be with you. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Tûan."

"And hark ye, I'll have the skin off the back of any man amongst ye who sleeps on his post, and the life of one and all if aught of ill befalleth Tûan Bambi's body ere I arrive. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Tûan."

"It is well. Then do my bidding and fail not, as ye value whole skins."

"Yes, Tûan," and the telephone was rung off.

His resolution to cross the dangerous zone of wild Mûrut country had been taken in a moment, but Gervase never faltered. His belief in the danger of such a journey was as firm as of old, but his whole attitude towards peril had undergone a change. What cared

he now if his end came to him in an ugly guise, so that he died in an attempt to serve the man who had been faithful to him even unto death?

At dawn, accompanied by ten Dyaks, Gervase Fornier set out upon his march. His way led eastwards, and the barrier of mountains, crowned by a pale glory of the faint pinks and yellows of a tropical sunrise, stood out prominently before him like a vast host of gigantic enemies calmly awaiting his assault. All day he plodded doggedly onwards across the glaring plain, the sun beating down pitilessly from a cloudless sky, scorching his arms and neck and face, blistering his back even through his flannel shirt, and making his eyes swim and ache. At sundown he camped at the foot of the mountains in a Mûrut village, and slept the sleep of exhaustion, which is sounder than the slumber of the just, in spite of the rows of blackened skulls which grinned at him, winking in the dim torchlight from the beams overhead. The hideous trophies bore to him their threatening message, no less surely than of old, but it was a message which had lost its meaning. Since Burnaby had died for him life was a more awful thing than death.

The next day he began the ascent of the mountains. The track ran through the foothills, climbing, as is the habit of native-made paths, up to the top of every summit, and then dropping sheer down in a headlong pitch to the hot, moist valley below. It was like crawling up and down a switchback unaided by momentum in the descents or by gathered impetus on the upward grades. In many places the grass under foot was sun-dried till it was as slippery as ice; in others rude steps which had been hacked in the hillside to aid the climber had been washed away by the rains of the last wet season, and Gervase found himself confronted by a blank slope of landslip up

which he had to fight every inch of his way, clinging to the bare earth with hands and feet, now sliding back half-a-dozen paces, his shoes filled with gravel, now clinging to the sheer surface panting for breath, now creeping slowly forward again. Then would come a mile or two of track running along the slope of a larger hill, and Gervase would be forced to walk on the side of his feet in order to maintain his equilibrium, until every muscle was racked with cramp.

But this day's march and that which followed it were ease and comfort exemplified when compared with the ascent of the big mountains which lay beyond the foothills. Here for an hour at a time the track would run steadily skywards at a grade of one foot ascended in every three feet of distance traversed, the climbers using the knotted roots of trees and shrubs as a rude staircase, up which they mounted painfully. Gervase could feel his heart beating against his ribs like a sledge hammer, and every now and then it would leap up into his gullet, turning him sick and faint. The Dyaks trailed after him panting loudly, and the Mûrut bearers, bent double beneath their loads, whistled shrilly through their noses, which is the fashion of gasping for breath employed by these strange people. At times the task seemed impossible of accomplishment, the track endless, the pitiless ascent an eternal punishment inflicted for unforgivable sin. Heat, thirst, exhaustion, the painful drawing of breath which came unready, the Sisyphean-like effort of propelling a dead weight up a mountain-side to no apparent end, combined to torture Gervase Fornier; but still he struggled on from daybreak to sundown, giving no rest to himself or to his followers, doggedly bearing everything for the sake of the love and duty which he owed to his dead friend. And at every turn of the way, when most

spent with exhaustion, when most nearly heart-broken by continuous efforts, the memory of Burnaby nerved and encouraged him afresh. A little plied water-wagtail flitted on ahead of Gervase as he climbed the mountain-side, alighting here and there with its tail seesawing restlessly, skimming on again for a short distance with a flirt of tiny feathers looking back at the laboring travellers, waiting for them, and seeming to encourage them to fresh exertions. In Gervase's overwrought mind the notion awoke that this bird was in a manner the incarnation of his friend. Dimly he was aware that the idea was incongruous, absurd; but none the less the conceit pleased him, made him feel less lonely, and once he even spoke aloud to the little flitting thing, half-deceiving himself into the belief that Burnaby could hear him. Over-exertion in a tropical land reacts upon the mind, and saner men than Fornier have cherished notions quite as wild when their bodies have been overtaxed.

It was not until late in the afternoon of the fifth day that the little band of wayfarers found themselves approaching Bânat through a wilderness of virgin forest. They had covered the distance in a day less than they had expected, and the wild Mûruts of the villages through which they had passed had not attempted to do them any injury. None the less the Dyaks had reported to Fornier that there were rumors of trouble current among the people, that men said that a band of wild folk from the interior had gone upon the war-path and were meditating an attack upon the stockade, which was no longer rendered an object of fear to them by the presence of the man they had so long been accustomed to respect and dread. At any earlier period of his existence such news would have thrilled him with horror and fear. Now it thrilled him indeed, but merely with

excitement, and a kind of wild joy because the chance was to be offered to him of doing something for Burnaby, of carrying on the dead man's work, of saving all that was left of him from desecration and insult. Once or twice when a couple of naked Mûruts slipped noiselessly out of the forest close at his elbow, his heart stood still, but his hand flew to his revolver, and he knew that he had no thought save of fighting manfully. This strengthened his new-born self-confidence, making him feel as though he at last had found a foothold upon something solid in his nature, and the triumph over his weakness warmed him with a curious sensation of pleasure. Burnaby would not think so badly of him if he could see him now; and, who knows, perhaps the dead can fathom the working of the minds of those they have left behind. The notion nerved him afresh and he stepped forward confidently as he neared the dangerous zone about the stockade.

Bânat itself stands in a little opening in the forest on the banks of a big river, but the track which Gervase was following leads thither through half-a-dozen smaller clearings encircled by jungle. It was into the least of one of these open spaces that Gervase Fornier came suddenly as the sun was sinking, the jungle throwing long shadows across the rank grass, the slanting rays from the west gilding the white stems and trunks which fenced the clearing on its eastern side. In a moment he was aware of a crowd of squalid creatures leaping to their feet, their naked brown bodies flecked by sunlight, their eyes glinting through tangles of frowsy hair, their limbs thrown this way and that in grotesque attitudes. Then of a sudden half-a-dozen explosions sounded in Gervase's ear, half-a-dozen little puffs of smoke leaped out from the mob of savage creatures and hung immovable

in the still air, wild war-whoops echoed through the forest. Before he had had time to forecast risks or imagine dangers, long before he had had time to feel afraid, before, in fact, he was aware of what he was doing, Gervase Fornier had rushed forward headlong into the crowd of Mûruts, his six-shooter spitting like a wild-cat. He saw first one savage face, distorted with excitement, and then another, break up in a sort of splash as of a puddle into which a stone is cast violently; he fired at a brown back making for the forest in panic-stricken flight, and two arms were thrown heavenwards as the figure pitched forward limply and lay still; he saw his Dyaks with their long knives out dealing awful deaths on all sides of him; and then, as suddenly as its peace had been broken, silence fell upon the clearing once more, and he was standing there, throbbing with a wild excitement, panting loudly, a smoking revolver in his hand. And, with a kind of dazed wonder, he told himself that he had felt no fear; that he had not even had a thought of serving Burnaby by attacking the Mûruts who had fired upon him, that he had acted as he had done from sheer instinct, and that he had been conscious only of a furious rage against the enemy which had held him like a possession. Marred bodies lay around him sprawling grotesquely among the rank growths, and from three of these he had torn the souls with his own hand, fighting for his life with an intoxication of joy in his heart such as he had never experienced before. And in a moment it flashed upon his mind that never again would it be possible for him to feel afraid of Mûruts or of any other natives. The conscious superiority of the white races over the brown had come to him suddenly with absolute conviction—had come to stay. Gervase Fornier's new-born manhood had been baptized in blood.

The Dyaks, wild with excitement, were gathered in a mob talking and laughing, making a hum as of disturbed bees in a hive. As Gervase stood there one of them spoke to him in Malay.

"Ah, Tûan," he said, "in very truth thou art a brave man. I was filled with fear when I beheld thee rush headlong into the mob of Mûrut men, and I had no choice but to follow. Even Tûan Bambi fought not in such wise. We folk love well to follow such a man as thou art!"

And the recognition by the brown man of the one virtue which all folk prized more than aught else thrilled Gervase Fornier strangely, and sent the blood pulsing through his veins and flushing his cheek.

How Gervase Fornier started the next day upon a raid into the interior, whence the Mûruts who had attacked him had come; how he returned after many days accompanied by 300 cowed natives bending under the loads of jars which represented the fines inflicted upon them for their attempt to break the Government's peace; how he kept them with him until each man among them had carried up a hundred large stones from the river-bed and piled them on the grave where Burnaby's bones were laid to rest; how that huge pyramid which was the surest protection against insult that could be afforded to the dead, became in time the centre round which clustered half the superstitions of the valley—are not these things written in the records of Kalamantan, and in the memory of

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certain Mûruts, now most orderly and exemplary members of society, who fear with a great fear, and, drunk or sober, swear by the very toe-nails of "Tuan Fornieh"?

Later the second in command came up-country to Bânat to inquire into recent events, and returned to the capital to make his report in person to the chief.

"You can't do better than let young Fornier have sole charge up there," he said. "He has got a grip on the people which is worth all the science of government in the world, and I doubt whether we shall have any trouble there for ages. I can't understand it. The boy is completely changed. The work has made a man of him."

"Didn't I tell you that it was the only chance of making anything of him?" said the chief. He liked to cultivate a reputation for infallibility, though his grounds for it were not more sure than those of his neighbors. "You see I was right. The heart of Kalamantan has turned a waster into a good officer!"

But to my thinking the heart of Kalamantan would have been powerless to do anything had it not been for the heart of poor Tom Burnaby, by whose rude grave Gervase Fornier sits evening after evening, careless of an unprotected back, talking silently to the dead as though he still lived, and telling to him again and again the story of his gratitude.

The heart of Kalamantan can have no solitude for him while his friend lies so near at hand.

*Hugh Clifford.*



THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES.

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER.

I.

THE COMING OF QUEEN MAB.

"So the mail is in, Georgie?"

"Yes, Dick, it came in about half an hour after you started. Here are your letters."

Major North threw himself luxuriously into a long cane chair, and held out his hand for the bundle of envelopes and papers which his wife gave him. "Anything from Mab?" he asked.

"Just a little scrap. Dick, I am getting dreadfully worried about her—her letters have been so strange for such a long time, and now the writing is so queer. She always seems as if she hadn't a moment to spare, and yet she really has nothing particular to do now. Do you know, I am beginning to be afraid that the strain of your uncle's illness, and the shock of his death, have been too much for her. I am sure she oughtn't to be living all alone in that big house. I asked Cecil Egerton to look after her, and I hoped to hear from her to-day, but there is no letter. Aren't you getting anxious yourself?" Major North, deep in his correspondence, grunted assent. "What do you think we had better do? Dick!—why, Dick!"

The letters went flying as Dick sprang up from his chair. His wife was staring incredulously at a young lady in a gray riding-habit, who was cantering up the rough track, called by courtesy a drive, leading to the house from the gateway of the compound. Catching sight of the two figures on the veranda, the newcomer pulled up her horse suddenly, flung the bridle to the magnificent elderly servant who ran out from the hall-door to meet her, and

slipping from her saddle, mounted the steps with a run.

"Oh, Dick! oh, Georgie! oh, my dear people, it is so good to see you again! Don't tear me in pieces between you." Her brother and his wife, dumb with astonishment, were both kissing her at once. "It is my real self, you know, and not an astral body. Now do say you are surprised to see me on the Khemistan frontier when you imagined I was in London! Don't rob me of the gratification I have come so far to enjoy."

"Surprise is no word for it. We are utterly amazed, completely flabbergasted," said Dick slowly. His sister heaved a satisfied sigh.

"Thanks, Dick; I'm so glad. I did want to surprise you."

"But, Mab, are you really only just off your journey," cried Georgia. "You must have a bath and a rest before you talk any more."

"I come untold thousands of miles to see my only remaining relatives, and they don't think me fit to speak to until I have had a bath and a rest!" cried Mabel. "No, Georgie, we only did a very short stage to-day, so that we might arrive clean and comfortable. You don't think Mr. Burgrave would omit anything that would enable him to make a more dignified entrance into Alibad?"

"You don't mean to say that you came up with the Commissioner?" cried Dick and Georgia together.

"Rather!" A glance passed between husband and wife, and Mabel caught it. "Now why this thushness? I had a chaperon, I assure you. I'll tell you all about it. And the Commissioner has been most kind—and patronizing."

"Probably," said Dick dryly. "And

was it Burgrave who escorted you to the gate here?"

"Oh no; it was that nice boy who went to Kubbet-ul-Haj with you seven years ago."

"Boy!" cried Georgia. "My dear Mab, Fitz Anstruther is one of the most rising young civilians in the province."

"And he said," went on Mabel, unheeding, "that he would look in again after dinner. Well, Georgie, he is three years younger than I am at any rate. Now, Dick, don't be rude and say that that wouldn't make him so very young after all. I know I'm in the sere and yellow leaf. The fact was borne in upon me when I heard an angry woman on the voyage informing her cabin-mates that I was 'no chicken.'"

"What!" cried Dick. "Then the celebrated smile has been doing its deadly work, as usual? How many scalps this time, Mab?"

Mabel smiled gently. It might be perfectly true, as other women were never tired of saying, that she had no claim to be called beautiful. The most that could be said of her was that she was nice-looking, and the effect of that (people often added spitefully) was spoilt by the singular and most unpleasing combination of fair hair with dark brown eyes. But when the ladies had said their say, Mabel knew that she had but to smile to bring every man in the neighborhood to her feet. There was a peculiar fascination about her smile which made a slave of the man upon whom it shone. It called forth all that was best in him, roused all the chivalry of his nature, and compelled him to devote himself to Mabel's service. An irate London cabman, an elderly guard on a Scotch railway, and the magistrate who found himself obliged to fine Mabel for allowing her fox-terrier to go about unmuzzled, were among the victims. The magistrate was currently reported to have apologized private-

ly for doing his duty, and to have been abjectly desirous of paying the fine out of his own pocket if Mabel would have allowed it. It was commonly understood that General North, Mabel's late guardian, had found his life a burden to him owing to the multitude of her suitors, and that he would scarcely allow her to go out alone, lest an unwary stranger, thanked with a smile for some slight service, should be impelled to propose to her on the spot.

"Well, Mab?" said Dick again, as his sister did not answer. "The voyage was the usual triumphal progress, I suppose? Any casualties?"

"No duels or suicides, Dick. The days of chivalry are gone, you know. But every one was very nice. I don't count the officers—it's their business to make themselves pleasant—but the captain took me into his cabin and showed me the pictures of Mrs. Captain and the little Captains, and I was told he didn't do that for everybody. The ladies were not quite as friendly as—well, as I should have liked them to be. They talked me over a good deal, too. Once they asked a rather nice boy why he and all the rest liked me so much. He couldn't think of anything to say but that I was 'so awfully feminine, don't you know?' When he thought of it afterwards, he was rather pleased with himself, and came and told me. It wasn't bad, was it?"

"Oh, Mab!" said Georgia reproachfully.

"But, Georgie, you wouldn't have me unfeminine, would you?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Dick. "Well, Mab, as you have got here safely, I suppose your friends were as helpful as your friends generally are?"

"They were perfectly delightful. When we got to Bombay they helped me with my luggage, and told me the right hotel, and where to get an ayah

and a servant, and how to go to Bab-us-Sahel. To crown all they found me the chaperon I told you about—who turned out to be the elderly lady who had disapproved of me most frankly of all on the voyage. Her name was Hardy, and she was coming to join her husband here. She is devoted to you, Georgie."

"Dear old Mrs. Hardy? I should think she was. It's mutual."

"Well, tastes differ. She is quite certain that I shall come to a bad end. We didn't speak very much on the way to Bab-us-Sahel, and when we got there I was horrified to find what a journey we had still before us. I knew the railway hadn't got to you yet, but I thought it would only mean perhaps a day in a palanquin, with tigers and interesting things like that jumping out of the jungle every few minutes, and brave rescuers turning up in the very nick of time to save you. I never imagined there would be days and days of riding through a desert, with no jungle and no tigers at all. Happily, we fell in with Mr. Burgrave when we left the railway, and as he was coming here he invited us to travel with his party in royal state, which we did. Mrs. Hardy quarrelled with him most days on some pretext or other, for your sakes, which I didn't think nice of her when she was enjoying his hospitality. She seemed to think that everything he did was bound to bring the province to destruction." Again Dick and Georgie exchanged glances. "Dick, what is wrong between you and Mr. Burgrave?"

"It is unusual to find two men completely agreed on questions of policy," said Dick shortly.

"Well, just at present he has a grudge against you on my account. He considers you guilty of culpable negligence in leaving such a delicate and valuable piece of goods to find its way to Alibad unassisted. I tried to point

out that the blame was due to the wicked wilfulness of the piece of goods in question, but he still thinks you sadly callous."

"We haven't heard yet what has brought her Majesty Queen Mab to Alibad at all."

"No, that's another story. (Don't you admire my local color?) Here followeth the confession of Mabel Louisa North. I had a great idea, Georgie, a splendid idea, when uncle died and I was left alone. I thought I would become a Medical, so as to come out in time and help you. I knew you would jeer, Dick, and try to dissuade me, so I decided not to say a word until I was fairly embarked on my triumphal career. I was going to take the London Matric. in January, and when I was entered at the School of Medicine I meant to burst out into sudden blaze and wire you the astonishing news. But the whole thing missed fire horribly. You may laugh, Georgie, for I dare say you have kept your mind supple, like that old man who said he was always learning, but you don't know how frightfully difficult it is to bring your mighty intellect down again to lessons when you have not done any for years and years. Would you believe it?—I broke down under the stress of the preparation—for the *Matric.*, mind—and my eyes gave out. No it is nothing really bad"—as Georgie uttered a horrified exclamation—"Sir William Thornycroft pledged himself that they would soon be all right again, if I gave up work and took to frivolling."

"But if there's nothing the matter with them, I can't think why he didn't tell you to rest for a month or so, and let you go on again with glasses," said Georgie.

Mabel looked a little ashamed. "Well, the fact is, I made rather a baby of myself. I couldn't wear glasses, Georgie—think what a guy I should look! And you can't imagine how dis-

appointed I was. I knew that the loss of a month's work would mean that I should fall, and I was feeling very miserable altogether, after weeks of bad headaches and my eyes hurt so, and—and—I wailed a little. Sir William was most sweet and asked me all about it, and then he said that he really didn't think the Medical was what I was best fitted for, and he advised me to travel for a little while and forget all about it."

"And she comes out here where we have an eye-destroying glare all the year round, and dust-storms two or three times a week, to cure her eyes!" cried Georgia.

"My beloved Georgiana, I came here that you might minister to a mind diseased. When once the thought had flashed upon me, I simply couldn't stay in England. I just flew round to the shops, and bought whatever they showed me, and started as soon as I could settle matters at home and take my passage. I went on writing to you up to the very last minute. I shouldn't wonder if the letter I posted on my way to the docks travelled in the steamer with me. Is that it there? Well, have I explained matters?"

"It was an awful risk, Mab," said Dick, in an elder-brotherly tone. "We might have been both ill, or out in the district, or touring in Nalapur, or anything."

"But you weren't, you see, so it's all right. I had an inspiration that you'd be in your own house for Christmas. What time is dinner? Lend me a warm tea-gown, Georgie. How cold it gets here when the sun sets, and yet we were nearly roasted this morning! My belongings were to follow in a bullock-cart or two, but I haven't heard them arrive. Oh, it is sweet to see you two again, and looking so thoroughly happy and fit, too!"

She bestowed a kiss on the top of Dick's head, remarking, as she did so,

that he was getting disgracefully bald, and rushed away to bestow a series of hugs on Georgia in the privacy of her own room. Her toilet did not take long, and she threw over her head the white shawl Georgia had lent her, and stepped out on the veranda. There was only a faint gleam of moonlight, and the sense of the vastness and dreariness of the desert around crept over her as she tried to distinguish in the dimness the lights of the Albad cantonments through which she had passed in the afternoon. The wind was chill, and gathering her wrap more closely around her she turned to find her way back to the drawing-room. As she did so the sound of a horse's footsteps struck upon her ear. Some one was riding past the house at no great distance, riding at a smart pace, which caused a clatter of accoutrements and an occasional sharp, metallic ring when the horse's hoofs came in contact with a rock.

"How horrid it must be riding in the dark!" said Mabel to herself. "Dick," she cried, meeting her brother in the hall, "are you expecting any one to dinner? Some one is coming here on horse-back."

"Oh no, it's no one for us," he answered shortly.

"But where can he be going, then? I thought this was the last English house on the frontier? It's a soldier, I'm sure, for I hear his sword knocking against the stirrup, or whatever it is that makes the clinkety-clanking noise."

"I can't tell you who it is, for I don't know, but the natives will tell you if you are particularly anxious to hear. They say it's General Keeling."

"Georgia's father? But he's dead!"

"Exactly."

"But do you mean that it's his ghost?"

"Don't talk so loud. I don't want Georgia worried just now, and she may

not have noticed the sounds. The natives say that whenever there is to be trouble on the frontier St. George Keeling gallops from point to point to see that all is going on well, just as he would have done in his lifetime."

"Oh, but they don't believe it really?"

"You shall see. Ismail Bakhsh!"

The old *chaprasi* who had met Mabel at the door came forward, gorgeous in his scarlet coat and gold badge, and saluted. "Tell Miss Sahib who it is she hears out beyond the far corner of the compound."

The old man drew himself up and saluted again. "Sinjaj Killin Sahib Bahadar rides to-night, Miss Sahib."

"Oh, how dreadful!" said Mabel, turning to her brother with a blanched face. Ismail Bakhsh understood her words.

"Nay, Miss Sahib, it is well, rather. When the day comes that there is trouble on the border, and Killin Sahib does not ride, then the reign of the Sarkar will be ended in Khemistan, and it may be in all Hindustan also."

"That will do, Ismail Bakhsh," said Dick, when he had interpreted the old man's words. "Come into the drawing-room, Mab."

"But, Dick, it can't be true? Isn't some one playing a trick?"

"We have never been able to bring it home to any one, if it is a trick. Anstruther and I have watched in vain, and most of the fellows from the cantonments have had a try, too. We heard just what you hear, but we could never see anything."

"Dick, I think you are most awfully brave." Mabel shuddered as she pictured Dick and his friend approaching the sound, locating it exactly, perhaps—oh, horror—hearing it pass between them, while still there was nothing to be seen. "Does it—he—ever come any nearer? How fearful if he should ride up to the door?"

"Why, Mab, you don't mean to say

you believe in it?" Dick looked at her curiously. "It's quite true the sound is heard when there's going to be trouble, for I have noticed it time after time, but I have a very simple theory to account for that. When the tribes living beyond this stretch of desert intend to make themselves disagreeable, they send mounted messengers to one another. The desert air carries sound well, and I am not prepared to say that these rocks here may not have some peculiar property which makes them carry sound well too, but at any rate we hear, as if it was quite close, what is actually happening miles and miles away."

"Oh, do you really think so?" Mabel was much cheered. "But then, why should Georgia be frightened if she heard it?"

"Because of the trouble it foreshadows, which is a sad and sober reality, not on account of the supernatural story the natives have been pleased to get up."

Georgia's entrance and the announcement of dinner banished the disquieting topic, and Mabel's creepy sensations vanished speedily under the influence of the light and warmth and brightness accompanying the meal, so eminently Western and ordinary in its appointments. Old times and scenes were discussed by the three and family jokes recalled with infinite zest, in momentary entire forgetfulness of the turbulent frontier and the haunted desert outside. Shortly after they had moved into the drawing-room, however, the flow of reminiscences was interrupted by the entrance of Dick's subordinate, the handsome young civilian who had escorted Mabel to her brother's door. He walked in unannounced, as one very much at home.

"With Dr. Tighe's compliments to the rival practitioner," he said, handing a copy of the "Lancet" to Georgia. "I shall pass the Doctor's quarters going home,



Mrs. North, so I can leave your 'British Medical' for him if you have done with it."

"I will put it ready for you," said Georgia. "You have met Miss North before, I think?"

"Yes, indeed. It was this afternoon that I had the astonishment and delight of learning that the Kumpsoner Sahib had atoned for all his sins against this frontier."

"What, does Burgrave climb down?" cried Dick.

"Not a bit of it, Major. He's on the war-path, and seeing red. But he escorted Miss North safely here."

"Oh, is Mr. Burgrave anxious for war?" asked Mabel. "I suppose that's the trouble which is coming on the frontier, then?" She stopped suddenly, with a guilty glance at Georgia.

"Never mind, Mab, I heard it," said her sister-in-law quietly.

"I should think so!" cried Fitz Anstruther. "The old joker—beg your pardon, Mrs. North, the old ch—General—was riding like mad. No, Miss North, war is the last thing our most peaceful-minded Commissioner desires. He is coming to bring this benighted province up to date, and assimilate it to the well-governed districts he has known hitherto."

"After all, we can't be sure of his intentions," said Georgia. "What we have heard may be only rumor."

"No, he is on the war-path, Mrs. North, as I said. Young Timson, of the Telegraphs, who came up with him, was in with me just now, and says that he talked quite openly of his plans."

"I don't mind the man's intentions," cried Dick hotly, "if they are founded on an honest opinion. What I do mind is his talking of them to outsiders as if they were accomplished facts, before he has said a word to the men on the spot."

"Oh, but you forget that the Commissioner's intentions are as good as

accomplished facts, Major," said Fitz. "Is it not already done, sahib?" as my old villain of a bearer says when I tell him to do something he has no idea of doing.

'For Amirs must come down,  
'And Khans they must frown,  
When the Kumpsoner Sahib says  
Stop—  
(Poor beggars, it's we that say Stop!)

isn't it?" he added dolefully. "Timson says that Burgrave is particularly strong on cutting loose from Nalapur."

"Oh, do explain these technicalities a little," pleaded Mabel. Her brother took up the task, evidently as a kind of relief to his feelings.

"I suppose you know that Khemistan has always stood alone among the provinces of India? When it was first annexed Georgia's father was put in charge of this frontier, which was then the wildest, thievingest, most lawless place in creation. He raised the Khemistan Horse, and used them indiscriminately as troops and police. Small parties were stationed all along the frontier, and they were ready to march day or night at the news of a raid or a scrimmage. Within a few years the frontier was quiet, and General Keeling kept it so. He had his own methods of ruling, and the Government didn't always agree with them, wherefore he ragged the Government and the Government snubbed him horribly. However, he held on to his post, and died at it, and then the bad old days began again. That was about the time I came up here, and I found that the people looked back to Sinjaj Kilen's days as a kind of Golden Age—"

"Oh, Dick, they do still," cried Mabel. "It makes poor Mr. Burgrave so vexed. He told me that whenever an old chief comes to pay his respects, the first thing he asks is always whether the Commissioner Sahib knew Sinjaj Kilen. He got so tired of it at last that he

would have given worlds to shout "Thank goodness, no!"

"I can quite believe it. Well, they tried to govern Khemistan on the lines of the province next door, which has always been in the hands of a different school. Result, confusion, and all but civil war. Most of St. George Keeling's young men gave up in disgust, and the Amir of Nalapur, just across the frontier, who had been the General's firm ally, was goaded into enmity. That was the state of things five years ago."

"And then," said Georgia, "dear old Sir Magnus Pater, who was Commissioner for Khemistan in my father's time, used all his influence to get Dick appointed Frontier Superintendent. It was the last thing he did before he retired, and we were thankful to leave Iskandarbagh and to get back to our very own country."

"And in less than no time," put in Fitz, "the frontier was quiet, owing to a judicious application of General Keeling's methods, and the Amir of Nalapur was assuring Major North that he was his father and his mother. Mrs. North's fame as a physician of supernatural powers, and the Major's military discipline, have worked wonders in crushing the proud and extorting respectful admiration of the submissive."

"Oh, that reminds me!" cried Mabel. "Georgie, do you write Dick's reports for him? Mr. Burgrave really believes you do."

"(Oh, Miss North, what an injudicious question!" murmured Fitz, *sotto voce*.)

"Certainly not," returned Georgia briskly. "Do you think I would encourage Dick in such idleness? We write them together."

"But," objected Mabel, "I can't see why Mr. Burgrave should come to disturb all you have done, if you have got on so well."

"Oh, wise young judge!" said Dick. "That's exactly what we can't see either."

"Because he is tired of hearing General Keeling alluded to as the best hated and feared and loved man in Anglo-Indian history," said Fitz. "Because to see your next-door neighbor succeeding where you have failed, by dint of methods which you regard with holy horror is distasteful to the natural man. But let me tell you a little story, Miss North—an Oriental apologue, full of local color. The ruler of many millions was glancing over the map of his dominions one morning, when his symmetry-loving eye lit upon one province governed differently from all the rest. To him, imperiously demanding an explanation, there enters Eustace Burgrave, Esq., of the Secretariat, C.S.I. and other desirable things, armed with a beautifully written minute on the subject, and points out that the province is not only a scandal and an eyesore, but a happy hunting-ground for fire-brand soldier-politicians who know better than viceroys—a class of persons that ought obviously to be stamped out, in the interests of good government. Any remedies for this atrocious state of things? Naturally, Mr. Burgrave is prepared with measures that will make Khemistan the garden of India and a lasting memorial of the ruler's happy reign. No time is wasted. 'Take the province, Burgrave,' says the Great Great One, with tears of emotion, 'and my blessing with it,' and Burgrave accepts both. Hitherto he has been reforming the course of nature down by the river, now he comes up to teach us our lesson here."

"And do you mean to let him do what he likes?" cried Mabel.

"Nonsense, Mab. He is supreme in this province," said Dick.

"Besides, Miss North," Fitz went on, "the Commissioner's imposing personality puts opposition out of the ques-

tion. You must have noticed the condescending loftiness of his manner, springing from the conviction that his career will be in the future, as in the past, a succession of triumphs. Failure is not in his vocabulary. He is born for greatness. Who could see that cold, gray eye, that monumental nose and chin, and doubt it? Nothing short of a general convulsion of nature could disturb the even tenor of his way."

"Well, I'm not quite sure of that," said Mabel musingly.

"Oh, I'm afraid there's no hope of him as a lady's man, if that's what you mean, Miss North. It is understood that he is by no means a hardened misogynist, but neither is he looking for a wife. He is simply waiting quite dispassionately to see whether the feminine counterpart of his perfections will ever present herself. Year after year at Simla he has surveyed the newest young ladies and found them wanting, and their mothers go away into corners and call him names, which is unjust. His fitting mate would scarcely appear once in a lifetime, perhaps not in an age."

The Argosy.

"I think Mr. Burggrave needs a lesson," said Mabel.

"But consider, Miss North. It is no obscure future that the favored damsel will be called upon to share. In time she will clothe her rickshaw-men at Simla in scarlet, and by-and-by, if she does what he tells her, she will sport the Crown of India on a neat blue ribbon—or should it be a pink one?"

"I think it will be as well for me to take him in hand," Mabel persisted.

"For goodness' sake, Mab, don't make things worse by importing the celebrated smile into the affair," cried Dick.

"Worse? Dick, you are ungrateful. If Mr. Burggrave finds himself mistaken in one matter of importance, he will be less cocksure in others."

"I don't know about that," said Georgia. "And take care, Mab. It's dangerous playing with edged tools."

"Then I will take the risk. Behold your heroic sister, Dick, willing to sacrifice herself for the sake of your career."

"And if the worst comes to the worst, the prospective glories of the viceregal throne will gild the pill," said Fitz.

(To be continued.)

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## A GOSPEL LEAF.

Friend, talk no more of whether death is so

Or otherwise:

Nor reason if the body lives or no

After it dies.

See, from this plane the dying leaf I tear—

Not nothing, friend, but next year's bud lies there.\*

The Spectator.

W. Beach Thomas.

\* It is a peculiarity of the plane leaf that the old leaf acts as a sheath to the new.

## THE ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Just a century ago, in an Irish village, a father and daughter were preparing the second edition of a highly successful and famous work entitled "Practical Education."

The book is as dead as a forgotten ode. It is to be found buried in the dust of libraries or hidden in that charnel-house of many good things—a second-hand bookstall. Yet it was typical, and a very favorable type, of a branch of literature which once flourished and was green. The volumes are stiff with instruction. They are so common-sensible, so obvious, so verbose, so leisurely, so minute—their virtues as much as their failings make them impossible reading for a generation widely different from their own. The two Edgeworths who wrote them, pious Mrs. Trimmer, correct Miss More, prim Mrs. Chapone, form a committee as it were, who sat in a dreadfully righteous judgment on the youthful manners and morals of their time, with the author of "Sandford and Merton" in the chair (that unique person whose destiny it was never to smile in life or to be mentioned without a smile after his death), and who are responsible for more Advice, Letters to Young Ladies on the Improvement of the Mind, Strictures, Views, Opinions, Rules for the Bettering of This and the Encouragement of That, Moral Tales, Moral Reflections, Moral Considerations, Guides to Knowledge, to Genteel Manners and to Heaven than any other six persons in the world.

That they found plenty to reform in the upbringing of the young, there is very little doubt. The Golden Age for children was yet very far off. In France, thirty years before the Revolution, the greatest genius and scoundrel of his day had cried aloud in "Emile"

and a white heat of passion, for a few of their most elementary and natural rights. The French child of the time was the artificial and dressed-up little toy of a modish mother, taught to bow and pirouette, to coquet and compliment, and nothing else in the world. With its body deformed by irrational clothing from its infancy and its mind by a most vile and unnatural state of society, madame wrote the most charming little pamphlets on it in the pauses of her intrigues and went into hysterics over M. Jean-Jacques Rousseau's astounding accusations in that novel of his, and the plain-spoken assurance of her dear doctor, the fashionable physician, M. Tronchin, that she had been put into the world not to be a mistress but a mother, and had failed in her only vocation.

There is no surer test of the character of a nation or an individual than its treatment of the helpless. A hundred and twenty years ago domestic John Bull did not stand that trial very much better than that immoral French brother of his whom he held in such a holy British horror. His servants, for whom anything was good enough, were in their turn good enough for his children. The fashionable mother, like her contemporary in France, left them to nurses whose character may be guessed from Swift's famous "Directions to Servants." If they were obliging enough to be pretty and set her off well, why, then they might come downstairs and do it: or be taken out driving by My Lady in the Parks—a fashion, as a toy-spaniel is the fashion one year and a plain companion with her back to the horses another. The boys escaped from an inadequate tutor, who was worse paid and less respected than the footman, to the improving

society of the grooms and the stablemen of a coarse age. My Lady's daughters were brought up to sell well. Once sold, they could be as vicious, useless, incompetent, listless and wretched as they pleased.

It was from such an education and its effects that that committee of good ladies and elderly gentlemen tried, in their turn, to save childhood. Their own conception of it, indeed, is not a little curious. The poet's "A child? A fragment of the morn—a piece of Spring!" was not their idea at all. The child of reality—stumping little feet on the stairs, noisy when you want to be quiet and merry when you want to be sad, naughty and innocent, wilful and gay, the cause and cure of half the cares of life, had no place either in their philosophy.

Mrs. Trimmer's *beau idéal* of the young was a little grandson, who "so enjoyed the rest as well as the comforts of the Sabbath, that he put away his toys with alacrity on Saturday night," "would have scorned to seek amusement unsolicited to the season and have been offended with the person who could have supposed him capable of it."

Miss More, on the other hand, thought it a fundamental error to regard children as innocent beings, and considered "the most important quality in an instructor of youth" a conviction of its innate wickedness.

No one perhaps has ever supposed the Sandford and Merton of their author's playful fancy to have the slightest resemblance to what Mr. Chadband called the Human Boy. While even Miss Edgeworth, who wrote with a vigor and ability not known to her compeers—Miss Edgeworth's little Charleses and Marys have, fortunately for themselves, never lived outside a book.

But if the Committee were at variance in many of their notions regard-

ing a child, they were all agreed on one point. It was a Thing. It might be a bad Thing or a good Thing. But it was a Thing—to do as we choose with—to model after our ideas. No one seems to have thought it possible that the modelling might not take effect; that the clay might be stiff and the child born with a character. Ladies who had been complimented by Dr. Johnson may be forgiven indeed for being a little self-assured. They were the Pinkertons of Minerva Academy, who, having been crowned by the great lexicographer, could henceforth do no wrong.

The most striking feature of the works for the use of the young is their moral aspect. Georgian Tommy began to be moral in words of one syllable and a frock. "Bob took a cake. Fle, Bob!" said his kind aunt. "I love a good boy, but a bad boy I do not love." The pattern is unaltered to this day.

Similarly, in the little "Pathway of Knowledge" book, Tommy's errant attention having been gained by the query "What is treacle?" had "Who made you?" fired off at him as question two, before the attention had time to wander again. Throughout the rest of such works the authors artfully skip in a like manner from inquiries on dormice and jam, to questions on immortal destinies and a future world, to which only the pious assurance of a Trimmer or the gay innocence of Tommy could have returned answers so pat, so certain and so damatory.

Once in little frilled trousers and two or three syllables, Tommy of four advanced to more improving stories about squirrels or rob-ins, in which he expressed the righteous opinion that as those active, nimble creatures could never be happy in a cage, and he loved to see them happy, his dear mam-ma should never have the grief of seeing him catch one. (To be sure, his mam-ma might have been pretty com-



fortable on that particular point, in any case.)

Even history and geography were turned to a moral account. Tommy was to observe the workings of a beneficent Providence in the fact that in Arctic regions where there was no sun, there were no trees; while in the torrid zone, there were palms. He was also to be taught to see that the unrighteous divorce of Katharine of Aragon (poor Tommy!) led by the blessing of Heaven to Anne Boleyn and Protestant Elizabeth.

Tommy was, in fact, improved at every turn. He must have felt quite murderous towards kings and queens whose examples not only pointed out to him the way he should go, but served as reproaches when he had gone the way he should not go.

But Henry was frail and licentious beside,  
And, at last, by a surfelt of lampreys  
he died—

was, for instance, a direct hit at a youth who had only yesterday requested two helpings of cake, and been so audacious as to suppose that he knew better than the governess whether or no he was still hungry.

He could not even learn a piece of poetry which had not "Moral" written large over the last verse. "How Doth the Little Busy Bee" had had no sacrilegious parody written upon it then to enliven its solemnity for his youthful imagination.

The didactic pentameters of "You are Old, Father William," had not then any associations which could possibly raise a smile. One can picture the luckless Thomas, seated bolt upright in his drab-colored schoolroom, with a pair of chubby legs stuck out straight in front of him, a small sister on either side, and little anxious eyes fixed on that abominably improving woman, that stiff-starched emblem of

narrow bigotry, the Prunes and Prism of her day. No doubt, indeed, the schoolroom was not always drab-colored. Sometimes Prunes and Prism, under that frigid and correct exterior, felt the prompting of an overwhelming feeling called the maternal instinct. But if one may judge by the works for children combined with the works about them, the age thought too little of love and laughter and too much of reproof and improvement.

When the play hour was supposed to be come, Prunes and Prism read aloud stories in which a lesson was artfully concealed, like a powder in a spoonful of jam. One enthralling little narrative contained an account of Mr. Lovechild instructing Augustus on numerals and Roman figures. "I shall be happy," replied the charming youth, 'to hear any questions my dear papa will propose: and I will endeavor to answer them as well as I can.'

A second narrative opened in this promising manner: "My dear mamma," said Eliza Primrose, as she skipped playfully over a flowery mead with her beloved parent one fine summer evening, 'I think I have committed to memory all the verses you so kindly taught me: so that if you will ask me the questions which introduce them, we can hold a conversation all the way we have to go.'

It may be taken for granted that Tommy and Mary, with the admirable downrightness of children, immediately detected that Eliza Primrose, for all her playful skipping, was going on to instruct them about somebody or something—and had, in fact, been created for no other purpose.

Neither story nor lesson was made more enthralling to luckless Tommy by all fields being alluded to as "flowery meads," hot climates invariably spoken of as "torrid"—in fine, a grand word used whenever a simple one would do much better. Yet it must

have been supposed that to translate a bishop into a "revered prelate" and a girl into a "delicately nurtured young female," explained those personages better to the infant mind, since it was always done most conscientiously.

The book out of which these extracts are culled is old, faded and battered, and yet carefully mended with black strips across the back by some neat little hand, long dead. It inevitably recalls a good little Georgian mother who earnestly tried to find therein suitable nutriment for the baby heart. Who can help hoping that she gave up the effort sometimes—took Tommy on her lap, and with his wondering, innocent eyes looking up into her face, told him stories with no moral, of gnomes, of giants and of fairies; or, forgetting Trimmers, Chapones and Edgeworths, taught him, from the simple wisdom of her own mother heart, a lesson of love?

It may also be diffidently suggested that the moral so greatly insisted on was not by any means the best of morals. Miss Edgeworth made quite sure, in a preface, that her tales were higher toned than those deplorable Cinderellas and Jack-the-Giant-Killers with which the infant mind had hitherto been corrupted. But, after all, her theory of virtue is the same as the fairy stories—and is the Sugar Plum theory throughout. Be virtuous, because honesty is the best policy. Don't seize a tart, and your kind aunt will give you the largest on the dish. "Truth, though it slay me," do right, though it cost you your all, is, to be sure, a hard doctrine to teach a child. But it is at least no harder than hundreds of strange theological problems which were wont to be expounded, God knows how! to that small intelligence on many dreary Sunday afternoons. And despite Miss More's dismal notion of all the young as little Monsters of Depravity, there is no heart which is

readier to receive a noble ideal than the unspolilt heart of a child.

When Tommy at length escaped from the Moral Tale, it was only to the Improving Game. A later generation of children have also made geographical puzzles: without any particular benefit accruing to their geography. It is to be hoped this was also the case with Master Tommy and those good little sisters of his with their prim pinafores and little trousers coming below their frocks. But in the Geographical and Historical Question game there was no escaping instruction. What a poor reward six counters must have seemed for being cheated out of your play-hours and made to give information about the houses of Israel and Judah, and the fauna of the Balkan Peninsula! Prunes and Prism, who was so sure when Tommy had had enough tea, never seems to have reflected that he might have had enough lessons also. A new age, and the best champion Tommy has ever had, have come to the conclusion that his natural instincts were not the less the right ones, and that he was almost always underfed and overtaught.

From Admonitions and Instructions of some kind the unfortunate boy never seems to have been free for a single moment. There were Rules (at the end of the Spelling Book) for his behavior in every circumstance of existence. They got him up in the morning and followed him to bed at night. They pursued him into Church, the Street and the Garden. They waylaid him on the Stairs. They tripped him up in the Schoolroom. They disposed equally easily of his soul and his pocket-money.

There was one division which regulated his "Behavior in Walking Alone:" and another which attended to his "Keeping Company with his Elders:" and a third which provided for his "Conduct with Companions."

Tommy ("knowing the time of dinner and being ready a quarter of an hour before") was to "keep his eye on his plate and not on the dishes or the company." When his parents told him he had had enough, he was on no account even to desire more. He was never to talk at table, "much less sneeze, cough or yawn." "If a bone hurts your mouth or anything sticks in your teeth," painfully minute instructions were at hand to assist him to extract the offending object. In the parlor afterwards Tommy was to bow immediately he got inside the door, and apparently, was to continue bowing until his parents became tired of the Mandarin monotony of the proceeding and bade him sit down. He was to bow again before he took the seat. He was to bow when the visitors came in the room and immediately to bow himself out of it, unless formally instructed to the contrary. If he remained he was to be sure not "to wink or use antic motions." Neither was he to read a book, or look at a paper, or blow his nose: while sneezing and coughing were as strictly interdicted as at meals, and he was prudently cautioned not to slip out of the room privately, "as that is mean and unhandsome." Yet during the whole of this bad quarter of an hour Tommy was to "look pleased but not merry:" and it was thought necessary to further forbid him to laugh. Laugh! there is not a single natural impulse of his youthful heart which those "Directions for an Agreeable Behavior and Polite Address" would not have crushed if they could.

Tommy was never to skip or jump, "much less run, get hot, or pant." He was not to whistle or sing when he walked alone, "for these are marks of clownishness and folly;" while the same acts, in company, are "the idle tricks of vulgar children." The sins of tree-climbing and leap-frog are not even alluded to. They are the abom-

inable crimes of which one does not speak.

The morality of the Agreeable Behavior and Polite Address is a good deal more after the Sugar-Plum order than the morality of the Moral Tales, and has underlying its plety a kind of sly shrewdness, of which its good author was no doubt entirely unconscious.

"Be generous, but never give away what you may want."

"Be always obliging, for obstinacy is a fault of vulgar children, and arises from their not having your advantages of birth and education."

"Be ready to give your brothers and sisters anything they like, and they will give you what you desire."

"Never revenge yourself, for that is wicked; your relations will always take your part when you behave with quietness."

"If anyone uses you unkindly, despise him; and do not keep company with him afterwards."

Oh, Tommy, Tommy! surely you of whom a Greater Authority than all the Polite Addresses and Agreeable Behaviors that ever were, has said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," had in your childish soul a faith, a love, and a generosity, quite hidden from the calculating plety of your prudent instructors!

It may be confidently supposed that even the Tommy who was the victim of such maxims as these sometimes gave away a top he really *did* want to console a sad little sister, forgave his small wrongs with that divine forgiveness which is a child's alone, and clambered into a motherly lap to be kissed and spoilt, entirely without afterthought or design either for this world or the next.

It is not difficult to fancy how that over-admonished youth must have sat looking enviously out of the school-room window at the lambs frisking in

the meadow, or at Fido gambolling on the lawn. Tommy, alas! never gambolled. When he passed from the jurisdiction of Prunes and Prism it was only into that of "beloved Mr Barlow," who stepped, as it were, straight out of the pages of "Sandford and Merton," for his discomfiture.

Had Mr. Barlow inevitably a white choker, short-sighted eyes, spectacles, and a bubbling stream of information which overburst all bounds and welled up incontinently in playhours? This was his type, at least. He took Tommy out walking. Tommy held his hand and wished despairingly that either he or Mr. Barlow (but preferably Mr. Barlow) had never been born. That gentleman improved, or spoilt according to the point of view, every shining minute. Tommy could not smell a rose without being reminded of its calyx and corolla, nor enjoy the sunshine without a lesson in astronomy. If a rabbit crossed their path—dreadful interrogatories from Mr. Barlow as to the family of *mammalia* to which it belonged, and pious observations on the beneficent design of the Creator in providing it with legs wherewith to run and gambol. (It never seems to have occurred to the Barlows of the period that little boys had been also beneficently provided with legs for precisely the same purpose.)

That was a dreadful little story called "Eyes and No Eyes," which must have haunted Tommy's walks like an avenging spirit, though, to be sure, the presence of Mr. Barlow made other torments superfluous. "Eyes" was the boy who proffered intelligent queries about fauna and flora the whole time he was out of doors, and of course was much too well bred to ask questions, as a real child would inevitably have done, to which his tutor did not know the answers. As for "No Eyes"—how guilty Tommy must have envied that *insouciant* youth!—he ran

on in front and frisked and shouted and enjoyed himself, and at the end of the walk was a warning to all little boys and blissfully ignorant of everything, except, perhaps, the evanescent arts—how to be happy and young.

There is no record that Tommy indulged in infantile football or cricket. He did not, at least, indulge in them with assistance from Mr. Barlow. It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than that prim white-chokered person and the vigorous young master in a modern public school, whose athletics are quite as important as his Greek, and who is by no means so many years older than Tommy that he is out of sympathy with that youth's character and ideals.

There is no wonder that when Tommy burst, as he always seems to have done, straight from childhood to manhood, he generally misused the liberty to which he was entirely unaccustomed, and knowledge having been rendered hateful to him, forgot all he did know as soon as he could. Nor is it marvelous that when Mr. Barlow took him on the Grand Tour, the emancipated pupil set the worthy governor at defiance; and Mr. Barlow's pompous epistles home, tricked out with suitable quotations from the classics, were full of holy horror at Tommy's incorrigibility and wildness.

But if Tommy was to be pitied, little sister Maggie was to be pitied a great deal more. From the earliest age she was never allowed to be "that perfect sexless creature so complete in its own matchless innocence, a child." She was always a Delicately Nurtured Young Female.

She cannot have been more than three when she first sat at Prism's feet and learnt to sew, while Prism improved the occasion with solemn stories of the awful fate reserved in this world and the next for little girls who did not excel in that exclusively femi-

nine accomplishment. It was ladylike to play the piano—so the unfortunate Maggie, with no taste for music, and the persistent Prism seated at her side—struggled with the first two bars of "In a Cottage near a Wood" until her brain got benumbed and dreary, and large grubby tears fell down her baby cheeks. It was ladylike to dress little English girls as if they lived in the torrid zone, so what Maggie suffered from the atmosphere of that schoolroom, at once imperfectly warmed and imperfectly ventilated, can be but dimly imagined. When the hour of recreation came, it was almost always too cold or too damp, or too windy for a small person in little kid shoes and bare arms and legs to go out at all. As it was very unladylike, not to say immodest, ever to speak under any circumstances to that enormous division of the human race which the Spelling Book called "vulgar children," Maggie, from her chaste garden and chilly walk and holding Prism's knucky hand all the time, could only sadly and silently envy fortunate village Sally, who might be seen through a gap in the hedge, with her battered hat by her side and her brown legs swinging, seated on the top of a stile, throwing stones into a pond—natural, plebeian and happy.

The only amusement, indeed, permitted to the young Female, at once satisfactory and proper, was her doll. What strange secrets of grown-up stupidity and misunderstanding that young Female of six must have whispered with her warm lips pressed tight against Selina Anne's comfortable composition face! Prism, of course, knew infallibly to a second the time when Selina Anne became a foolishness and must be put away in a box-room; and Maggie was left with nothing but her natural buoyancy to console her. It is fortunate that at the age when one grows long legs and short petticoats, natural buoyancy is a force to be reckoned with.

From that time the Proprieties pursued Maggie like a pack of demons. For her, all athletic exercises were immodest. It was equally vulgar to look blue and cold, and to go for a brisk walk and get warm. It was dangerous to get her feet wet and ungenteel to wear thick boots and keep them dry. The most rigorous outdoor exercise she was ever allowed was a drive behind papa's fat coach-horses—and then it was *de rigueur* to scream, turn pale, or faint, if those over-fed animals went beyond an asthmatic trot. (Screaming and fainting were not, indeed, recommended in so many words; but the Young Female who only laughed at such tragedies was regarded as distinctly unfeminine, or, at best, of No Sensibility.) Did Maggie wish to dance in the evenings? Miss More, in a famous work on "Female Education," had alluded shudderingly in a footnote to "the indecent and offensive waltz." No wonder that, in an age when bead mats and wax flowers were the only recreations from the use of the globes and the "Young Lady's Primer of General Information," that Prism had to wage perpetual war against poking, stooping and fidgeting—round shoulders and crooked spines—the natural consequence of its being considered immoral to sit on a chair with a back to it, and the custom to sit all day long.

The Proprieties of course, ruled lessons too.

It was proper to learn a little French and a little Italian; but only a very little, and with Prism's rich British accent carefully accentuated, for fear the Delicately Nurtured Young Person should be suspected of having visited improper Paris, or—gracious heavens! of having received instructions from a handsome, impoverished Italian nobleman. A little drawing, a little painting and a little harp-playing became the Young Female, so long, that is, as she



showed no signs of becoming proficient in these arts, or of being able to turn any of them to account. Miss Edgeworth, indeed, lifted up her voice against the cultivation of all such accomplishments when the pupil had for them neither taste nor use; but it remained, not the less, long after her day the universal idea that when an occupation ceased to be objectless, it ceased to be ladylike.

It would have been thought that an age which was so anxious to make Maggie feminine would at least have given her a sound training in cookery and useful needlework. But it did not. In these branches of learning, as in all others, it was vulgar to be thorough and possibly self-supporting. Maggie learned theoretically, perhaps, even the useful groundwork of domesticity; but practically it spoiled one's hands to touch nasty saucepans and frying-pans, and it was more refined to trifle with a little modish chenille work than to learn to make useful clothing.

Poor Maggie! The female education of her day may be well described as a worthless ornament, which the genteel put on for show.

The Proprieties further directed not only the female mind and body, but the heart and soul. It was correct of Maggie to give away part of her pocket-money to the poor: but highly indelicate and not to be thought of to have any of that practical knowledge of the nasty dirty creatures which might have made the gift a blessing instead of a curse.

When Maggie wrote a letter to an absent sister she had always the "Young Lady's Complete Letter-writer" at her elbow and expressed sentiments in which "our august and beloved sovereign" (George IV!) and "the inscrutable Designs, my dearest Maria, of an All-beneficent Providence" figured largely. Was there a twinkle sometimes in Maggie's eye as she looked for the correct spelling of "beneficent" in

what she called her "Dixonary," and a corresponding twinkle in dearest Maria's when she perused those pompous epigrams? It is to be hoped so; for if Maggie and Maria could not laugh at the exquisite lack of humor in their tasks and teachers, their girlhood must have been dull indeed.

The Proprieties moreover thought it their duty to point out Improperities. One good lady wrote a little story on purpose to tell Maggie how wicked—and entertaining—were those French novels on the top shelf. Without the warning, to be sure, Maggie would never have supposed that any amusement could possibly be furnished by works written in that abominably tricky and idiomatic tongue which she had imperfectly acquired, with tears.

Finally, it was in her day alike impossible to have any other destiny in life but marriage, and improper to be fitted for it. If it was ungentle to be useful, it was immodest to be acquainted with the most elementary laws of health and good sense.

A female so delicately nurtured that she was never allowed to allude to the legs of the table or the chairs, could not, in the nature of things, be taught anything of the construction of the human body. Prism thought all Nature indelicate. If Maggie was to have been hereafter a mediaeval nun, her training would have been foolish; as she was to be wife and mother, it was criminal. The age which found it shocking for her to play a game with her brothers or to nurse a cottager's baby, considered it entirely right, honorable, and decorous to marry her to any person selected by her parents the moment she emerged, still in a pinafore, from the schoolroom, half laughing, half afraid, longing to get away from lessons, no more awake to the responsibilities of life than a bird, and with—Heaven help her!—her only notions and experience of it drawn from Prism's.

The Proprieties gave her, as it were, the final push-off over the brink of that untried existence in the shape of Mrs. Chapone's "Letter to a Young Married Lady," wherein Mrs. Chapone solemnly instructed the bride how to retain Mr. L—'s affections by Sensibility and Softness, and how to artfully humor his temper when he was fractious.

The good Committee of Trimmers, Days, Chapones, Mores, Edgeworths, having thus brought Tommy and Maggie to the Grand Tour and marriage respectively, having in all points done their best, written voluminously, advised copiously, moralized continually, sat down as it were, satisfied: were complimented by Good Queen Charlotte and the nobility in general; folded their hands; assumed the right expression; had their portraits painted; and died.

They did much. They saved Childhood from Vice and Neglect. They did too much. They hampered it by unnatural restrictions and cramped it by narrow ideals. Yet they were not the less pioneers to better things.

The Cornhill Magazine.

It is not possible to say that even now the training of all boys is the best suited to make them self-supporting, good citizens, good fathers: or that the education of girls is perfectly fitted to make them good mothers or useful old maids.

It is still too often forgotten that "the first requisite to success in life is to be a good animal." It is still too much the fashion to teach what *may* possibly be useful, before what certainly *must* be. Yet if the dismal Tommies who emerge from Polite Behaviors and walk with Mr. Barlow to dull license and libertinism be contrasted with those cheerful beings, the public schoolboy and the athletic undergraduate of to-day, which is the better picture? While who can think that the repressed Maggie, with her back-ache and her Proprieties, her stuffy schoolroom and her stilted life, is not well exchanged for that fresh breath of morning, that gay, vigorous, impulsive person, with her outdoor games and her hundred honest interests, the English girl of to-day?

S. G. Tallentyre.

## CHARITY.

No more by Vision or prophetic Sign  
God comforteth His people;—Yet in thee,  
Chiefest of Seraphs, fervent Charity,  
We own the fulness of His Will divine—  
Fast by the Cross on Calvary 'twas thine  
To watch the tortured Saviour, as He died,  
Praying for those who madly crucified,  
And round His brow the thorny wreath did twine.  
Angel of Comfort!—Still thou lingerest here,—  
Still to the awakened sense and Heaven-lit eye  
Thy white-robed form appeareth, hovering near,  
To soothe the anguish of the struggling sigh,  
The bruised frame and broken heart to cheer,  
And wipe off every tear from every eye.

Fall Mall Magazine.

Edvard Simms.

## GALLANT LITTLE WALES.

One pleasant afternoon I was leaning over my garden-gate, smoking a cheerful pipe and watching the shadows of the clouds dapple with broad bands of delicious purple the sunny valley below, when a man came to the foot of the steps and smiled up at me. It was Rhys Nant yr Onen, brown-faced and bright-eyed, looking unwontedly smart for a week-day in new homespun and carrying a genteel walking-stick, in place of his customary five-foot sheep-staff. He has a belief (which the facts do not justify) that he can speak English, and he wrestled dreadfully in that language awhile, before he fell into his own tongue and we came to an understanding. It appeared that he had been appointed *gwahoddwr* (that is to say, inviter) to desire people to attend a marriage which was to take place between John Ty'n y Pant and Margaret Fronwen, and was now on his round bidding the folk of the mountain gather to the wedding. Just as he finished his address to me, two women, an old and a young one, came down from the bog where they had been turning peats. Rhys proffered his invitation and it was received by the older woman with a snarl.

"Never in the world," she cried; "I wouldn't go near the place."

"Oh, Mari," says Rhys soothingly; come now, you'll never be so hard on them as that. Two young people in the flower of their age and anxious to see all their friends about them. Come, now," and his voice flowed on in the smooth, soft, sonorous speech of the mountain, barely touching the gutturals, just suggesting them, and letting them slide, as always when coaxing and cajoling.

"Me!" cried the old woman, shaking a skinny fist, and flashing her great

black eyes on the inviter; "when you know very well, Rhys, how that family served me. Me go to the wedding! I wish them"—and she ran off easily and swiftly into wishes I do not care to translate.

"No, no, Mari," murmured the peacemaker; "you do not mean that really. And mind you, John is no blood relation to that man; he is only a relation by marriage, and that is very different."

"Yes, aunt," said the younger woman, "there is no blood in the matter; and Margaret has always been a friend of ours."

Old Mari glared from one to the other as if struck a little by this view, and they closed upon her from each side to talk, and argue and soothe; and Rhys proved himself the very man for his task by finally conquering her prejudice against the bridegroom and wringing from her a consent to appear at the wedding.

The women went away down the road and Rhys looked up at me with a grin. "Indeed," said he, "I was wrong in asking old Mari without going more carefully about it. John's uncle by marriage ought to have wedded Mari, and it had slipped from my memory. Never mind, I won in the end, and I am very glad of it."

"Why in particular, Rhys?"

"Well, sir, there's the present for the young folks, that's one thing; the more I can get to the marriage the better start for them. And I was not willing at all to let old Mari go in a bad temper, for she might overlook them and spoil their luck."

The Evil Eye is firmly believed in among my mountain neighbors, and Rhys strikes down to the river and up the hill beyond to the farm on the crest

perfectly satisfied with his last effort on behalf of the young couple. The choice of a *gwahoddur* is a matter to which the young folks for whom he acts, have given careful thought. In their selection they are guided by an old and excellent maxim, which I translate from the vernacular: "He must be ready and witty in answer, one gifted of speech when delivering his message, and a real and genuine friend of the young couple, lest he should be doing them mischief instead of forwarding their interests among their neighbors." And in choosing Rhys it is certain they have not done badly.

On the morning of the wedding (it was Friday, of course; everybody on the mountain gets married on a Friday), I rambled across to Fron-wen, the home of the bride. The farm lies just under the ridge and looks down into the valley as a man looks out of an attic-window into the street. Its land is fairly level for all that, since it lies along some ledges and a team can always plough one way; very few people about the mountain can turn and plough up and down. The place was quiet, for the bridegroom and his party had not yet arrived. I saw a small boy, posted as if to watch, slide down a bank and run for the house, and I felt some delicacy in approaching nearer, for they might be engaged in packing away the bride and I had no wish to spoil sport. A wall of stone and earth, crested with thick, dry moss, offered a comfortable seat, and perching myself aloft, I filled a pipe.

It was a lovely summer morning, the landscape already quivering in the clear, strong heat, the hills veiled in misty sapphire. Looking to the great mountains crumpled in jagged peaks, and fold upon fold of huge knotted ridges away to the north, I saw a compact black-blue patch slipping swiftly southwards. It was a thunder-storm

travelling down the further side of the valley, drawn there by the higher hills. From the height where I sat the whole storm was seen at once, the country bright before and behind it. It moved with wonderful speed. You fixed your eyes, perhaps, on a village straggling along a broad flank of a distant mountain-slope, its lime-washed cottages shining white and vivid in the sun. As you looked, they grew dim, dimmer, vanished; and you could fancy the roar of the rain on their roofs as the huge drops pelted from that inky cloud. The black, velvety pall flew on, and soon they reappeared, the wet roofs taking the sun and sparkling like jewels. On this side the blue was serene and unbroken; scarce a breath of air stirred, and the nearest thunder-drop was full five miles away.

The sound of many voices singing came to my ears, and I looked round. The bridegroom and a large party of his friends marched into sight over a furzy ridge and bore down upon Fron-wen chanting joyously. I sprang into the path and went towards the house, reaching the farmyard as they poured in by another gate.

The bridegroom, at the head of his friends, advanced to the door of the house where the bride's party was drawn up, and demanded his partner. They replied that they knew nothing about her, and mocked at the idea that they should or would tell him aught if they did. Upon this he gave the word to his friends, and all the young fellows spread about in eager search for the missing girl. This is all part of the ceremony. On the mountain it is not etiquette for the lady to exhibit indecent haste to get married. She must feign coyness if she does not possess it; she must appear to dodge the wedding-ring, and give the love-sick swain all the trouble she can to get her to the altar. The first step lies in the hands of her friends, who hide her as

skilfully as they know how, and great is the scorn cast upon the hapless bridegroom and his train when they fail to discover the spot in which she has been bestowed, and have to resort to entreaty and beg for a clue.

Into the house, first of all, poured the searchers, and ransacked every room from kitchen to garret, then the dairy, the cowhouse, the stables, the granary, the barn, the henhouse, turning over heaps of hay, tossing aside bundles of straw, cunningly disposed to look like hiding-places, hunting here, hunting there, but all in vain. Meanwhile the bride's friends spurred them on with jests and taunts, made loud sport of their efforts, laughed, shouted, clapped their hands, danced with delight as the baffled seekers ran hither and thither, till the hillside rang again with the babel of outcries and merriment.

At last the bridegroom turned at bay, the sweat pouring down his face, and his bodyguard drew about him. "Look here, William," he cried to his prospective father-in-law; "she's not about the place. She's gone away; that's why we can't find her."

"No, John, my boy, no, no!" roared William, beating his hands together with a mighty laugh, and his party echoed him. "As sure as we stand here, she's close to us. She's looking at you this very minute."

Eyes were darted at every point from which the yard could be spied upon, at the windows of the house, the long slits which admitted air to the stables and granaries, and the square openings where hay was pitched to the lofts. Away they sprang once more, resolved to avoid the disgrace of defeat and heartened by William Fron-wen's assurance.

I stood in the sunshine among the laughing spectators, but among the winks and jests I could gather no clue as to Margaret's nook, and could only await developments and hope she had

not found too secure a hiding-place as did hapless Meinir, famous in story. Meinir is one of many a Ginevra of Welsh legend. She was a gay, happy, young lass who ran to hide from her lover on her wedding morn, as Margaret had run now, but told none of the place she had in mind. At a little distance from her house stood an aged oak into which she climbed and fell, for the trunk was hollow. Many a day passed, spent by her wretched lover in frenzied search, until a day came, a day of dreadful storm, when he could search no longer, but dragged himself weak, and weary, and dying to the old oak, their loved trysting-place. Here he breathed a prayer that he might be blessed with one glimpse of her before he died, wherever she might be, or whatever guise she wore. This prayer was granted. A levin-bolt flashed from heaven and tore in splinters the withered oak, and the lovers were face to face. But what a tryst was theirs! He sinking under the lightning-stroke, she a ghastly skeleton, green with mould, the mildewed tatters of her wedding-garments alone proclaiming her the unhappy Meinir to those who found them, and laid the luckless lovers in one grave, their bones united in death.

Well, well, this is not a very cheerful story to muse over on so glowing a morning while half a score of flushed young fellows are hot on the traces of to-day's bride. Besides, the sly look of knowledge on the faces around me assures her another fate than Meinir's.

Up-stairs, down-stairs, in my lady's chamber, in and out and round about, aloft and aloft they searched and searched, and still they found no sign of Margaret, while louder and shriller rose the laugh of those who had baffled them so cleverly. And then she was found; by pure accident it was, and though they secured the bride, they had no credit for it.



One active youth saw a large, round hole shaped in the wall of the granary. He fancied it led to a part where search was impossible since that end of the building was packed solidly with hay. "They have put a ladder up there," he thought, "pulled some of the hay out, and stuffed her in, and we could not reach her from the other end." He did not wait for a ladder himself for there was a peat stack handy to the opening, and from the top of it he believed he could leap in. At the peat-stack he went with a will and began to scramble up it. It gave way under him at once, and down he rolled; a great shower of peats rolled after him, and his friends set up a mighty shout of joy, for the bride was found. She had been within arm's length of them all the time, and they were compelled to acknowledge the skill of a device before unthought of. Two gates had been brought in from the fields and leaned against the granary wall. They had served to shelter the girl, and then a score of willing hands had quickly built her in with peats. With such deftness do the people of the mountain handle the brick-shaped blocks that the stack looked as firm and rounded and solid as if it had been peats right through, instead of a mere skin of them skilfully disposed over the framework afforded by the gates.

John Ty'n y Pant sprang forward and drew the blushing girl from her concealment, and the whole place rang with boisterous repartee. Still it was far from plain sailing with the bridegroom yet. Margaret drew away from him, and some of her friends began to disparage John's appearance and character and draw gloomy pictures of the woes of the married state. His friends came manfully to his rescue and painted him as at once an Adonis and a Bayard; but the matter was finally settled by the bard with whom John had furnished himself. Nothing is done on

the mountain without poetry. The population are minor poets to a man, and our stock of hills and lakes scarcely supplies sufficient bardic names to go round, for the poet does not sign his own commonplace name to his lines, Evan Evans, or Ebenezer Jenkins, or John Jones; no, he takes the name of the crag, or moor or lake near which he lives, and beneath whose shadow or beside whose shore he walks and shapes his rolling verse.

John Ty'n y Pant had shown the sense which lay packed away in his red head by his choice of a bard. Craig yr Eryr (Eagle's Crag) was a tall, handsome lad, young, burning to distinguish himself in the lists of poetic fame, and in love himself. For weeks past he had been hammering at John's commission, and, but a few days before, I had heard a scrap of it, for crossing Rhos yr Hafodglas, a bleak wind-swept piece of moorland folded about a gaunt rib of the mountain, I had met Craig yr Eryr in search of his father's sheep. He was swinging along, chanting his verse in a lofty sing-song, his bright, black eyes burning, his dark, handsome face aglow, and he passed me at six yards and saw me not. Writing, burning, re-writing, to the peats again, at last he had shaped his verses to his wish; and then, ho for the little shop down the mountain to purchase a sheet of fair foolscap, price one halfpenny! For everything up to now has been done on blue and red sugar-bags, neatly opened out with a clasp knife. Then the stanzas have been squeezed in double columns on the sheet—for our bards do not let us off with a few careless twangs of the lyre; and there it is, done up in a roll and tucked into the inner pocket of his jacket from which the end sticks out proudly above his collar and proclaims his lofty errand. He draws it out and opens the paper with a caressing touch, running his eye critically

over the lines as if he did not know them by heart, and obtains at once a respectful silence. He begins to read, and the attention is profound. Clear, sonorous, musical, his voice rings out stanza after stanza, and the verses are undeniably good. He draws with minute, delicate touches a picture of a lonely life on the mountain, where no two houses stand together, where to live alone is to live in a desert; he paints the wild winter-storm which converts every dwelling into a prison and wraps the solitary in a double mantle of dreadful solitude. This it is to live alone. Then he turns the shield and shows "y Bwthyn bach tŷ gwellt ar gesall y Fron (the little thatched cottage in the lee of the hill)" ringing with cheerful sounds and laughter, and childish faces pressed with glee to the window to watch the tempest which, doubly cruel to the solitary, shuts them in but to a pleasant privacy of storm. And so with handsome tributes to the principal characters of the day, he swings along through some thirty verses, till he stops and draws breath in a profound silence, which is not interrupted, and which is to be taken as a great compliment.

The hard, laughing lines have smoothed out of the wrinkled, sun-burned faces of the women; the men nod critically as the poet makes his points; and things fall into serious order at once. William Fron-wen steps forward to welcome the company as if they had just arrived and refreshments are offered. The next thing is to form the procession and set off to the church.

At the head of the bridal procession walked the bridegroom with a supporter on each side. Then followed a merry train, and at the rear came the bride under guard of the groom's two most particular friends. Their duties will be explained presently.

The first farm we came upon after

reaching the road was Lldiartmaen-gwyn (the Gate of the White Stone). Here they were ready for us, and in a trice a ladder was run across the narrow road and braced firmly against the tree trunks. This brought the procession up, and there was no passing until the bridegroom had explained the importance of his errand that day and begged leave to proceed to his happiness. Then the barrier was withdrawn amid a shower of good wishes, and on we plodded again. Every place we passed had its obstructions ready, fir-poles, larch-trees, gates, empty carts, anything that would block the track according to immemorial custom. The miller, coming up the mountain with a load of sacks, turned his horse across the way; an old woman, who had nothing better stretched a cord between the hedgerows; and the bridegroom won his way almost inch by inch with fervent entreaty. And what was the bride doing? She was still under the influence of invincible coyness, and every now and again made swift, sudden bursts for freedom. To forestall these was the business of the young fellows who had been detailed to march with her, and it was their bounden duty to deliver her safe and sure at the church. At every place where the march was obstructed they had to be doubly on the alert. The people there did all they could to assist the bride to escape. Doors were opened for her to dart into, and instantly slammed in the face of the pursuers and held against them until they forced their way in and brought her out again in triumph. Somehow or other they always manage to bring her to the church-door and then the usual ceremony follows.

After this, arm-in-arm for the first, last and only time in their lives, the new-married couple, followed by their friends, return home to spend the day in simple revelry.

On the journey from church they

are saluted by *feux-de-joie*, fired by young fellows who conceal themselves behind turf-stacks and hedges and discharge their guns rapidly as the happy couple pass.

Often enough the struggles of the bride to escape from her guardians are of the faintest, and more that an ancient tradition may not be shamed than intended to give real trouble. But at times it happens that a young lady of great spirit and strength has to be led, or rather dragged, to the altar, and then things are lively. Such a bride I saw not long since at the tail of a procession, and she played her part in a very sportsmanlike fashion. I came across the train quite by accident as it wound its way down the mountain, and for a moment wondered, for I had not heard there was a marriage afoot. Indeed, when they came nearer and I began to recognize many of them, I found them people from the other side of the mountain who, for some reason or other, were coming to the church on this slope. I stood aside on a little eminence to watch them pass, and just as I was cheerfully wishing them luck, the bride made a splendid burst for freedom. She was a fine, strapping wench, as strong as a horse, and in charge of two lathy lads. They had spent no easy time with her so far, for they were hot and red and one had a great dent in his hat. Her face was like the rising sun. Her hat hung over one ear, and her hair was loose. She made her coy flight just as she passed the mouth of a steep, stony path leading to the house of an acquaintance, and began it by driving the elbow of a thick muscular arm into the ribs of her right-hand guardian. Sending him spinning, she tore away from the other light-weight and rushed up the slope, her heavy nailed boots making the loose stones ring again as they flew smoking from her wild charge. At the head of the path a group of people roared a

welcome and promised a safe asylum. But the second lad, long and lean, was upon her in an instant, and grappled with her; up came his companion, and a third who had rushed to their assistance. Numbers won the day, and with a shrill shriek she gave up the unequal contest. Two of them took an arm each, the third pushed at her shoulders, and away they raced her back into place.

They had the business entirely to themselves. The bridegroom, a little, dried-up fellow, marched primly forward and never dreamed of turning his head; that would have been to doubt his friends. The rest of the procession followed his example, and were almost out of sight, dropping down the side of a steep glen, before she was restored to her former position.

After every marriage on the mountain a festive meeting is held called *neithior*. Its main object is not rejoicing, however, but a severely practical one. It is true that it is very merry, but if you attend bringing only a jovial face and a cheery laugh as your share of the entertainment, you will be looked on with a trifle more than coldness. It is intended to give the young couple a start in life, and the neighbors and friends crowd in with gifts in money or kind. It is the one feature of the ancient form of marriage which is never neglected. To-day many creep off to the Registry Office (that unromantic termination of a courtship) and cut away at a stroke the features already described; but the *neithior* is sacred. No impious finger is laid upon that, for by it you get something.

The *neithior* at Fron-wen after Margaret's marriage was more than ordinarily well attended, and achieved the distinction of being the best known for many years in the amount and value of contributions. This is a matter of great rivalry, and house vies with

house, on occasion of a wedding, in gathering friends from near and far, and heaping high the pile to the young folk's credit. You can find people on the mountain who have seen sixty years and more of wedded life, and will still recite promptly the amount their *neithior* yielded, every article which made it up, and full particulars of the donors. There are some who exaggerate; the amount has grown with the years; but they are promptly set straight. The parish is, after all, but one big family. The people are familiar with each other's affairs from all time. They know little, and care less, about the world outside. They have the dimmest idea of who the Sirdar may be, or what he is doing; the name of Dreyfus has no significance in their ears; but what Shinkin Ty'r Banc did fifty years ago—pat and precise comes that story, and the story is never to Shinkin's credit. The famous adage is reversed, and if ever he did a good deed sure it has been writ in the brown, swift-running water of our leaping mountain-brook and long ago washed out of sight and memory; but his slips, his failings are graven in his neighbor's memories as if cut in the hard, imperishable rock which crops up everywhere in their lean scanty pastures.

"The world's very censorious, old boy," said Captain Macmurdo to Rawdon Crawley; and here mountain and valley kiss each other, mud-walled cottage and Mayfair are one. You listen to the story about Shinkin Ty'r Banc and wonder a little; he seems to you so quiet, so respectable, his hair touched with silver, his manner fine with a lofty and serene gravity, and you say, "When was that?" Your informant scratches among a patch of gray whisker, and reflects. After a while he hits the time. "All those years ago?" you say. "He's had time enough to alter." The other man laughs a laugh with a snarl in it. "Not he," he growls; "he

is just as he always was. He would do it now if he had a chance. Indeed, I would not trust him." So do these simple, kindly hill-folk talk of each other. Everybody lives in a glass house, and everybody throws stones with the heartiest relish. Thus it is clear that to allow a *neithior* to loom larger through the mist of years is but to invite spirited contradiction and a swift setting to rights.

When I reached Fron-wen I found the big, low-roofed kitchen full of the young folks of the mountain, laughing, talking, waiting for their turn to deliver their presents, and keeping a keen eye on what was given in.

At a small round table set near the great dresser was Rhys, the inviter. It is part of his duty to be secretary to this meeting, for the gifts are not handed over with thanks and there an end. Far from it; Rhys had a book before him, and pen and ink. In the book he wrote with laborious scratching, the name, the address, the amount, of every giver and every gift. This record serves as a guide, were guidance needed, to the names of those who were present and who expect, in their turn, to be assisted when their *neithior* arrives; it is a sort of mutual insurance arrangement. Some lay down money, and Rhys counts this carefully, places it in a blue china bowl at his side, dabs his pen in his mouth (his writing is generally done with a pencil which he sucks to blacken the stroke), splutters, takes another dip of ink, and the record is made. Some bring offerings of tea and sugar, and already a huge mound of bags of sugar and packets of tea has accumulated, piled neatly on the great table under the little deeply-set window. I dropped into an empty corner of the big settle to observe the scene for awhile.

Just round the corner of the settle were Margaret's mother and a crony. They were watching the proceedings

with eyes like gimlets; there was no need of a book for them to post themselves with regard to givers and gifts.

"Ay," groaned the bride's mother, "look there, now, Siani Pen yr Allt. As sure as I stand here, she's brought six pounds of sugar."

"One and three halfpence," chimes in the crony.

"A shilling!" whispers the indignant mother. "You can get it for a shilling in the town and I saw her fetching it. And it isn't twelve months since we gave her a pound of tea, the very best, two-and-six it was."

"Och gwac," drags out the other, a long, hoarse, horrible guttural, as if such meanness grated upon her very soul.

After the thrifty Siani came the carpenter with a chair, the weaver with a blanket as stiff as a board, an old woman with an earthenware water-jar of such shape as Rachel might have carried to the well, then tea, and sugar and money again. Rhys was a busy

man that evening. Beside him stood the bride, breathless with repeating thanks, her high-pitched scream of "Diolch yn fawr i chwi, O, diolch yn fawr i chwi, (many thanks to you, oh many thanks to you)," rattling along as steadily as water over a mill-wheel; and the bridegroom looked as useless and smiled as foolishly as a man in such a position generally does.

I stayed an hour or more, and then an irresistible desire for the clean, strong, sweet air of the mountain outside came over me. But as I went, William Fron-wen drew me aside to whisper proudly that already his daughter's *neithior* had easily beaten anything of recent years. Up to that moment they had received thirty-six and a quarter pounds of tea, a hundred and seventeen pounds of sugar, two quilts, three blankets, a couple of chairs, a settle, a cupboard, earthenware and crockeryware by the pile, five hens, a little round table, and nearly twenty-eight pounds in money!

John Finnemore.

Macmillan's Magazine.

### SONG.

(Inviting an influence upon the opening year.)

You wear the morning like your Dress  
And are with mastery crowned;  
And as you walk, your Loveliness  
Goes shining all around.  
Upon your secret, smiling way  
Such new contents were found,  
The dancing Loves made Holiday  
On that delightful ground.

Then summon April forth and send  
Enchantment through the flowers;  
About our woods your grace extend  
A queen of careless Hours.  
For, oh! not Vera, veiled in rain,  
Nor Dian's sacred ring,  
With all her royal Nymphs in train,  
Could so lead on the Spring.

Hilaire Belloc.

Literature.



## HEROD.\*

The first thing to strike a reader of Mr. Phillips's play who knows his Josephus is the simplicity with which the poet has followed the Jewish historian. Not only are the main incidents, such as the murder of Aristobulus and his sister Queen Mariamne, with their motives and consequences, taken direct from history, but minor incidents also, such as the jealousy of Herod's mother and sister, roused by Mariamne's contempt for their insignificant origin, the betrayal of Herod's confidence by Sohemus, the spicing of the wine-cup, and the cool reception Mariamne gives to her lord on his return from the interview with Octavian, are transferred by the poet from the historian's pages. To say this is not to derogate from Mr. Phillips's originality, but to insist upon it. Just as truly as Shakespeare's play, *Coriolanus*, was implicit in North's Plutarch, so Mr. Phillips's play was implicit in Josephus. But in the one case, as in the other, it required the eye of genius to discover it. Now that the play has been written, it seems wonderful that no one should have written it before, for many poets have gone in search of passion; and Josephus lays stress upon the enthusiastic and almost ungovernable nature of Herod's passion for Mariamne, and in his narrative, as in the play, the episode closes with the King's temporary madness. Here, however, at last is the play; and readers are likely to confirm the judgment of playgoers that the play is a good one.

We have mentioned Shakespeare as a parallel to Mr. Phillips for the ease with which he found his tragedies in history. But Mr. Phillips's play is not

for all that, a play upon the Shakespearian model. There is no rich combination of plot and underplot, no "God's plenty" of characters suggesting the crowded stage of the real world; person after person satisfying us with their admirable humanity as long as they are upon the stage, and giving place to others as thoroughly satisfactory and human. Mr. Phillips has gone for his model to Shakespeare's predecessor, Christopher Marlowe; and we think he was wise in so doing; as indeed the event has proved him successful. Our tragic stage needs rebuilding; and in building one must begin at the beginning. Before it is possible to deal with a conflict of passions it is well for a dramatist to make sure that he can handle with success a single great passion; and as Marlowe preluded with Dr. Faustus, though adverse fate left the more complicated fugue to his successor, so Mr. Phillips, we hope, has only preluded with King Herod, and may give us in time his more elaborated harmonies.

In Herod Mr. Phillips has clearly marked the various strains that made up that, in a sense, "great" as well as terrible figure. He shows us the genius both for war and for art, that made of him an intrepid and adventurous soldier, and in time of peace the builder of cities and temples and amphitheatres; he shows us the diplomatist with genius enough to employ the most direct and simple methods; the statesman who knew when a man was dangerous and must be removed and who did not shrink from the task; the King who devoted himself absolutely to his people's interests; and beneath all this the untamed Idumean of the desert, with his passions at fever-heat, ready at any

\* *Herod: A Tragedy.* By Stephen Phillips. London: John Lane. [4s. 6d.]

moment to rebel against the queer decrees of the intellect. Mr. Phillips has also made Herod a poet, as Shakespeare made Macbeth a poet. He kills the boy Aristobulus, for too exactly corresponding with the Sibyl's prophecy, but he thoroughly appreciates the glory of the golden age which the King of righteousness and peace was to inaugurate:—

*Herod.* A child! Gadias, wandering night by night  
Among the people of Jerusalem,  
I hear a whispering of some new king,  
A child that is to sit where I am sitting;  
The general boding hath ta'en hold of me;  
If this thing has been fated from the first—

*Gadias.* It is the fault of dreamers to fear fate.

*Herod. (dreamily).* And he shall charm and soothe, and breathe and bless,  
The roaring of war shall cease upon the air,  
Falling of tears and all the voice of sorrow.  
And he shall take the terror from the grave—

*Gadias.* The malady is too old and too long rooted,  
The earth ailed from the first; war, pestilence,  
Madness and death are not as ills that she  
Contracted, but are in her bones and blood.

*Herod.* And he shall still that old sob of the sea,  
And heal the unhappy fancies of the wind,  
And turn the moon from all that hopeless quest;  
Trees without care shall blossom, and all the fields  
Shall without labor unto harvest come.

But he recalls Macbeth most closely in his reflections upon the murder at the moment when he is commanding it:—

Dimly I dread lest having struck this blow  
Of my free will, I by this very act  
Have signed and pledged me to a second blow  
Against my will. What if the powers permit  
The doing of that deed which serves us now;  
Then of that very deed do make a spur  
To drive us to some act that we abhor?  
*The first step is with us: then all the road,*  
*The long road, is with Fate.* O horrible!  
If he being dead demand another death.

In the last act, when he is planning the new Temple at Jerusalem, he lets his imagination play about marbles and precious stones like Marlowe's Jew of Malta:—

This then is my design.  
And now that in my coffers 'gins to pour  
Pearl of barbaric kings and savage gold,  
And emeralds of Indian emperors,  
And wafted ivory in silent night,  
And floated marble in the moonbeams,  
Now  
That the green waves are glooming pearls for me,  
And metals cry to me to be delivered,  
And screened jewels wait like brides,  
I'll have  
No stint—no waiting on how much,—  
how far.

Mariamne, though the part allows of much less variety, is clearly and finely conceived. Her love of Herod is passionate and strong, but her love for her brother, intensified by the pride of race, is as strong, or stronger. We note that even in the farewell passages of love between them before Herod departs to meet Octavian, while he says,—

Now the armed man doth lay his armor by,  
And now the husband hasteth to the wife—

she replies,—

The brother to the sister maketh home;

and the suspicion, soon become a certainty, that her husband is her brother's murderer kills her love, as she had forewarned him:—

Herod, my Herod, such a love as  
grows  
For you, within me, it could never die.  
... Yet might you kill it,  
... In a night murder it—in a moment;  
It is so brave you could not hear a cry,  
You'd stoop and lift a dead face up to  
you,  
And pull me out from reeds like one  
just drowned,  
More dead than those who die; and I  
should move,  
Go here and there, and words would  
fall from me.  
But, ah! you'd touch but an embalmed  
thing.

Mariamne's dialogue with Sohemus over the body of her brother is one of the best things in the play. The other characters are barely sketched in. They do what they have to do, and say what they have to say, for the purpose of the action, but they arouse no interest.

The scenic qualities of the play are very remarkable. Mr. Phillips begins by attracting attention to Aristobulus, and the boy is shown excited and weary with the ovation he has received, "fey" in fact, and obviously doomed. Another fine scene is the leave-taking between the King and Mariamne, which concludes when their passion is at height by the entrance of the mourners with the murdered boy's body. Then, in the second act, the anxiety of the courtiers for the King's safety when he had put himself into Octavian's power, ended by his sudden arrival; and his enthusiastic recounting of his success to

*The Spectator.*

Mariamne, dashed by her cold disdain, make a fine pair of contrasts. The treatment of the rebels of whom Josephus speaks, led by the blind prophet, is a very effective scene; and so, of course, is the final scene of the Embassy from Rome addressing the cataleptic King, upon which the curtain falls. Mr. Phillips has chosen his effects with great skill and with a practical knowledge of stagecraft, in these days very rare in one who is also, and primarily, a poet. He has written the play in his favorite Marlowesque blank verse, with the pause constantly at the end of the line, and somehow it seems to chime better with the sustained Marlowesque intensity of the tragic passion than a more free and varied rhythm might have done. A noticeable and effective use is made here and there of tragic irony, as when the young Aristobulus, going to the pool where he is drowned, by Herod's order, tells him:—

... I so love the waters, I may linger  
Floating upon my back thus, and my  
face  
Skyward, and you depart not seeing  
me.

And there are several similar places. On the whole, we wish to congratulate Mr. Phillips on his success very heartily. He speaks in the preface of revising the play; when he does so we hope he will clear away some half-dozen echoes of well-known passages in poetry—from Addison, Browning, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Maeterlinck—which add nothing to the merits of his poem, and may seem to detract from its originality.

"LITERARY" GAMES.

"There is a class of juvenile amusements which leans in some degree upon literature, and has therefore an air of greater elegance than the others." So says a delightful little book published by Chambers in an earlier part of this century. The covers and the fly-leaf represent the child of that period—demure, low-necked, with neatly-parted hair, as to the girls; the boys, in their immaculate "Etons," have not altered so much, except that their hair would be thought too long for "form" nowadays. The book proceeds to give instructions as to the playing of these more elegant games, which "lean in some degree upon literature." What chiefly strikes us is that we have grown lazier since those days. Our superficial knowledge of books is wider, thanks to cheap editions, lending libraries, and the uses of advertisement. But what fireside circle, juvenile or not, would now sit down and concoct logograms, for example? Macaulay's elaboration of the harmless cod is given as a model for this portentous "recreation"—it would take most "firesides" a week.

Cut off my head, how singular I act!  
Cut off my tail, and plural I appear;  
Cut off my head and tail—most curious fact,  
Although my middle's left, there's nothing there!  
What is my head, cut off? a sounding sea!  
What is my tail, cut off? a flowing river!  
Amid their mingling depths I fearless play  
Parent of softest sounds, though mute for ever.

Very pretty and ingenious, indeed! but how came Macaulay to know that "cod" was susceptible of all that? and does any one else know that the

"sounds" are among the most delectable appurtenances of that excellent fish?

People did Word-Squares too. They sat down and wrote—

A river in Oxfordshire....equals Isl S.  
A portion of our body....equals SidE.  
A thought .....equals IdeA  
A chair.....equals SeaT

It would take a great part of an evening to find four words which would consent to "set to partners" after that fashion! The languid interest (chiefly flirtations) which will induce the suburbs to wander round their drawing-rooms inspecting each other's persons in search of the grotesque decorations which are supposed to represent Book Titles or Eminent People, or to act the book titles in Dumb Crambo, would hardly run to Word-Squares. "Book Reviewing" is a little better. You wrote an imaginary book-title, and folded it down; your neighbor then wrote a motto; *his* neighbor wrote an imaginary author's name. Then followed a couple of Press notices, sometimes happily incongruous. With imaginary authors the thing must have been slightly insipid. With some real ones, that we could suggest, there would certainly be possibilities of joyousness. The instance given is extremely mild.

"A Few Bright Spots in History,"  
or the Manx Cat.  
By A. Wiseacre.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever,"  
and so on.

The Spelling-Bee appears to have been quite the earliest form of amusement that in any way "leaned upon literature." Young and old grew fevered over it. You would see the lips of a

maiden moving, and she would be murmuring "phar-ma-ceuti-cal." You never knew when you left your house for somebody else's whether you might not be called upon to spell "diphtheria" as soon as you had taken off your overcoat. It must have been a nightmare to the many intelligent people who would rather meet a crocodile than spell their native tongue.

"Capping Verses" has existed well into this decade. You draw four unselected words from a hat and proceed to make a verse which shall bring them in. Any feebleness that scans and rhymes is certain of frantic applause. It is astonishing how many people find it impossible to manage the simplest metre. "Capping Verses" makes one wonder from what class the minor poet manages to spring in his thousands. There is (or was) another verse-game, called "Crambo"—a name which one usually associates with embarrassed gentlemen in drapery, entering a drawing-room on their hands and knees. This Crambo is a far more dignified, an even saddening, performance. Questions on pink slips and nouns on blue slips of paper are thrown into a bowl. Everybody draws out a slip of each color, and makes a verse which will bring in the question and include the noun in his answer. All these amusements, however exasperating, are better than the terrible "Consequences"—one of the earliest pencil and paper games. It depended for its fun on the most vulgar order of personality and is probably too well-known to be here described. Other games of a less malicious character are described in Mr. and Mrs. Lucas's capital new book, "What Shall we do Now?" (Grant Richards), such as the "Telegram

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Game" and the rather exacting "Newspaper Game," in which each player contributes "Foreign Correspondence," "Sporting News," etc., respectively.

There is no trace of any superior sort of literary game played by the first Blue Stockings. Apparently, they took themselves and their attainments far too seriously to descend to such cheapening of their intellects. Probably their conversation (or was it monologue?) supplied all that side of the entertainment when they "received" admiring friends. We cannot but regret it. The verses they might have "capped," the anagrams, logograms, and other 'grams they might have elaborated, would nowadays have made interesting and rather pathetic reading. The Books of Beauty, with (perhaps) a frontispiece giving beautiful Mrs. Norton's portrait and verses from the gifted amateurs of the day, are the nearest approach to it. We remember one such album. It had exquisite steel engravings, in which ringletted Lydias languished over their harps and sang how the nightingale wooed the rose. The tiny sandalled feet peeped out from under the crinolines. There was no anatomy in the lovely bejewelled arms. The bicycle was waiting round the corner all the time, but no hint of its brazen "ting!" sounded in the songs. The cigarette was ready for the "taper" fingers (how few fingers "taper" now!), but its breath never mingled with the boudoir air. Well, the "vapors" mingled with it instead, and the "spleen" and the "migraine." As usual, we have gained and we have lost. And one of the things we have lost would seem to be the good, difficult, brain-wearing Literary Game.

A. H.



